

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE
CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF
SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY
ROBERT JOSEPH SCOLLARD, CSB

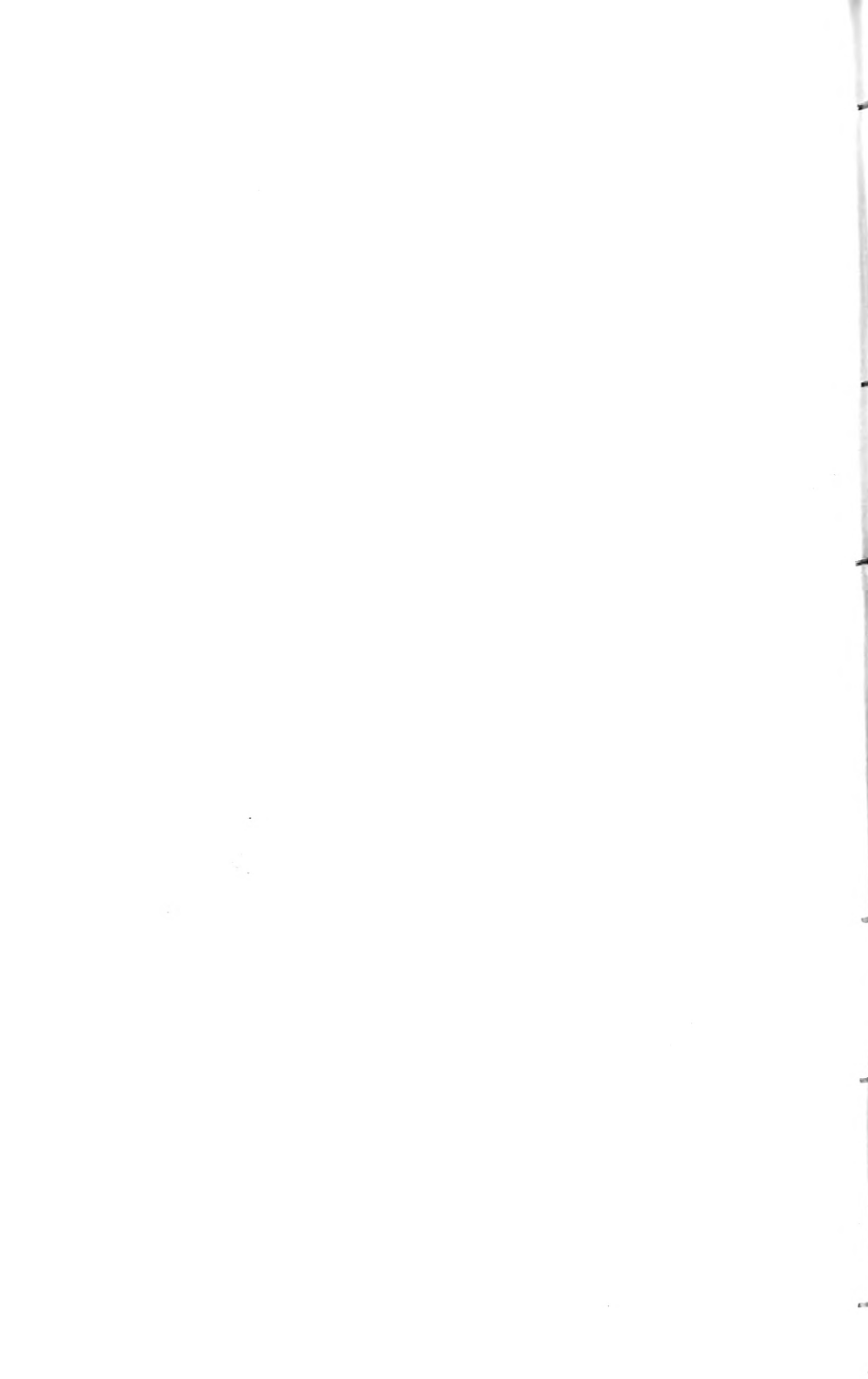
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B A S I L I A N
M I S C E L L A N Y

gathered
by
Robert J. Scollard
C.S.B.

1968

Mgr. Jean Robert, Letter to Father Adrien Fayolle, October 10, 1887, expressing sympathy at the death of Father Monot	1
Father Julien Actorie: Observations sur nos Constitutions, 1858 ..	3
Cemetery, Institution Secondaire du Sacré-Coeur, Annonay: List of burials to May 1964	7
Annonay Novitiate, 1858: Obser- vations au Sujet du Noviciat .	11
Father J.J.M. Aboulin, Postcard to Father Arthur Morley, April 19, 1913	13
Father James E. Daley, Letter to Father John Burke, May 1961 ..	16
Father M.V. Kelly: William Dennis Heenan, a biography	18
Father Clifford Crowley, Letter to Father Robert Scollard, May 13, 1966, enclosing newspaper clipping giving history of St. Vincent's Mission, Meaford ...	27
St. Vincent Church, Meaford: Destroyed by fire, newspaper report	36

Contents

v

Accident outside Annonay, May 10, 1966	37
Nécrologie, Le Père Roume, 1966 ...	38
Adams, Ron: Priests operate Glen- erin, newspaper article for March 1, 1967	41
Father Edward J. Sullivan; editorial in Houston Post, November 23, 1967	47
Rev. Sullivan, Superior at St. Thomas Dies, news item in the Houston Post November 21, 1967	49
Father James W. Embser, Letter to Father William Young, Novem- ber 15, 1967, on the death of Father William A. Sheehan ...	51
Father James W. Embser, Obituaries written for St. Mary's Semin- arians' Newspaper, 1967	56
Father James W. Embser: John Dennis Sheehy, an obituary, 1967 ...	64
Father H. Norbert Clemens: Father Cyril Bergeron, 1914-1963, an obituary	67
Father Eugene Burbott, 1921-1962, an obituary	70

Contents

vi

Father John M. Sheehan: Father Edmund Burns, 1908-1961, an obituary	73
Funeral of Father Edmund Burns, July 27, 1961, report in the Rochester Catholic Courier ..	77
Father J. Thomas McGouey: E. Blake Coll, 1907-1961, an obituary.	79
Father Albert L. Williams: Reverend Joseph William Con- way, 1924-1961, an obituary .	82
Father Vincent A. Thomson: Father "Dan" Corrigan, 1907-1962, an obituary	85
Father James W. Embser: Joseph Patrick Dillon, C.S.B., 1897- 1953, an obituary	87
Father Leonard J. Dolan, 1899- 1948, an obituary	95
Sayings of Father "Tim" Dolan	100
Father J. William Conway: Father David Levack, 1922-1960, an obituary	106
Father Cyril F. Carter: Father John McLaughlin, 1916-1954, an obituary	108

Fathers Eugene M. Burbott and Francis L. Murphy: Joseph L. Willett, 1911-1958, an obituary	111
Father Leonard A. McCann: Diary October 1934 to June 1935 ...	116
Rose Ferguson: Old St. Michael's, poem	142
Rose Ferguson: The New St. Michael's, poem	143
Father James P. Morro: Novitiate Diary, June - August 1959 ...	144
Father James P. Morro: The New Saint Basil's Novitiate, 1959	147
Father Michael V. Kelly; Letter, January 21, 1939, to Father James J. Murphy on the teach- ing of catechism	154
Father Jean M. Soulerin: Article dated April 6, 1856, in the Annales de la Propagation de la Foi on conditions in Canada	156
Father Simon A. Perdue; Letter to Father "Dan" Corrigan, October 6, 1952	165
Rev. James Scott; Letter to Father Robert Scollard, January 30, 1968, re Father Patrick Ryan.	168

Monsignor F.P. Kehoe; Letter of January 29, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Fathers Leon Cherrier and Richard Burke	169
Rev. Cyril J. Carroll; Letter of January 30, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Fathers John Bernard Collins and Joseph Mullaly Kennedy	171
Rev. Cyril J. Carroll; Letter of February 1, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Paul Costello	173
Rev. J.L. O'Rourke; Letter of January 23, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Michael Mungovan	174
Monsignor W.S. Morrison; Letter of January 23, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Vincent Reath	175
Mrs. E. MacLellan; Letter of February 9, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Patrick Shaughnessy	176
Monsignor M. Hamilton; Letter of January 31, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father William Flannery	178

Mrs. E. MacLellan; Letter of February 12, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Patrick Shaughnessy	180
Paul F. Hendershot; Letter of October 5, 1963, to Father John F. Collins re Father John Onorato	181
Rev. Cyril J. Keating; Letter of February 22, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Benoit Géry	184
Monsignor Andrew P. Mahoney; Letter to Father Robert Scollard re Father Francis Forster	187
The John Forsters of Bay City, family tree compiled by Mrs. Gerald Campbell	193
Mrs. Lillian Lucas; Letter of February 29, 1968, to Father Robert Scollard re Father Simon Perdue	199

Mgr. Jean Robert
October 10, 1877

1

Constantine,
le 10 octobre
1887.

Evêché de Constantine
et d'Hippone

Monsieur le Supérieur.

Je viens d'apprendre la mort de M.
Monot, Supérieur de l'Institution de
Privas.

C'était un vieil ami que je connaissais depuis 1827, où nous étions entrés ensemble au Collège. Toujours je l'ai comme entièrement dévoué à son oeuvre et à sa Congrégation. J'ai eu ses confidences à l'occasion de l'épreuve qui lui a été faite, il y a quelques années, et j'ai compris quel était son esprit d'humilité et de simplicité. Il a été certainement un des élèves les mieux doués qui soient sortis du collège d'Annonay, et cependant quand il était jeune prêtre, chargé d'une classe où l'appelaient son talent et ses aptitudes, il était étonné d'être placé si haut, et il me disait que le rêve que son ambition avait formé pendant son enfance était de devenir frère portier dans une communauté religieuse.

Je me ferai un devoir d'offrir pour le repos de son âme le saint sacrifice de la messe et lui continuer mes prières.

OBSERVATIONS SUR NOS CONSTITUTIONS

Dans notre dernière réunion à Annonay, il a été convenu qu'à part des trois articles dont il sera fait mention ci-après, rien ne serait changé aux constitutions quant au sens et à la substance; que tan ou plus, et placer de bonnes raisons, on pourrait dans quelques endroits en modifier la rédaction; qu'en un mot le fond resterait le même; et que la forme ne subirait d'alteration que par nécessité.

Cette résolution est sage; parceque nous n'inspirerons à nos successeurs le respect des constitutions qu'autant que nous les respecterons les premiers. Avant de passer outre, je soumettrai avec respect à l'appréciation de Monsieur le Supérieur une question et une réflexion.

Le moment est-il venu de fair imprimer nos constitutions?

Si on les considère en elles-mêmes, abstraction faite des règles et des usages, qui les complètent, l'imprimerie me paraît convenable et utile.

Mais si l'on se borne à faire imprimer les constitutions avec leurs notes, ne paraîtront-elles pas décharnées et in-

suffisantes? Ne serait-il pas opportun de placer à la suite les règles et les usages? Or, si je ne me trompe le recueil de nos coutumes n'a pas été rédigé et nos règles écrites ont besoin de quelques modifications. Il me semble évident que les règles données par M. Picansel à des prêtres séculiers qui ne tenaient les uns aux autres par aucun lien religieux ne peuvent être maintenues telles qu'elles sont dans une congrégation qui fait des vœux. Je demande donc s'il ne survendrait pas de donner d'absurd la dernière forme à nos règles et à nos usages pour imprimer ensuite le recueil avec celui des constitutions et des notes?

Cette question étant résolue, nous arriverons aux trois articles qui doivent être adjoutés ou modifiés.

Le premier se rapporte aux Sts. patrons que la congrégation s'est choisis.

Il me semble que cet article devrait être inséré dans la préface des constitutions, à la suite d'un résumé historique très abrégé des diverses phases par lesquelles notre communauté a passé: association libre, congrégation séculière, congrégation religieuse. On mentionnerait en premier

la part que l'autorité a prise à l'établissement de la communauté et aux changements survenus dans son régime intérieur.

L'article des voeux ne présente de difficulté qu'en ce qui concerne celui de pauvreté. Les notes ajoutent une obligation grave à celle qu'exprime le texte des constitutions. Or, nous avons fait jusqu'ici ce vœu juxta tenorem constitutionum. Nous ne pouvons être liés au-delà de notre promesse. Ceci demande une attention particulière.

Je n'ai rien à dire sur l'article relatif au noviciat. Il est convenu qu'après un an d'exercices convenables nos jeunes gens seront appelés à faire leurs voeux. Verons nous en là. L'expérience a démontré qu'il faut les lier de bonne heure si l'on veut que leur vocation ne s'évapore pas.

Il resterait à parler des changements à faire dans la rédaction des notes, car celle des constitutions m'a paru irréprochable.

J'ai remarqué, ça et là, dans la copie que je possède un grand nombre de fautes qui évidemment sont le fait du copiste et ne doivent point de trouver dans l'original. Inutile d'y arrêter.

Dans l'ensemble, la rédaction m'a paru très bien faite. Cependant, dans quelques endroits, le style m'a paru viser au dernier et sortir du ton qui convient à des notes explicatives. Quelques passages devraient, ce me semble, être réduits de moitiés, par exemple, ce qui se rattache à la supposition d'un grand développement de notre communauté et à la personne du supérieur général. Je crains qu'on ne voie de la présomption dans le premier; le second peut-être réduit à quelques mots, si non supprimé, parceque le Supérieur en sa qualité d'homme sera assez porté à s'occuper de sa santé.

Je désire toujours qu'on se souvienne un peu plus efficacement des pauvres défunts. On ne doit pas s'en rapporter à l'affection des particuliers; c'est à la règle et à la communauté à pourvoir à l'acquit d'une dette sacrée. Une famille spirituelle serait-elle moins tendre pour les morts que la famille naturelle?

(Observations on the Constitutions made by Father Julien Actorie shortly before the death of Father Pierre Tourvieille. Transcribed from the original in the archives of the Basilian Fathers, Annonay, No. 027)

Canon Emile Aureille, d. Nov. 2, 1937,
age 67

Alphone Pagès, prêtre, d. Jan. 2, 1892
age 83

l'abbé Léon Guigon, d. Feb. 9, 1941,
age 68

Julien Tracol, d. June 5, 1885, age 89

l'abbé Jean Frachon, d. Nov. 6, 1945,
age 74

Joseph Malbos, d. Jan. 6, 1885, age 62

Octave Descellière, Supérieur et Hon-
orary Canon of Viviers, d. Aug.
9, 1950, age 76

Etienne Prevost, d. May 9, 1886, age 80

Patrice Moloney, d. Apr. 8, 1880, age 67

l'abbé Ambroise Guigon, d. Dec. 28, 1950,
age 69

Auguste Vernede, d. Jan. 21, 1881, age 35

Emile Moulin, d. June 6, 1875, age 43

Victorin Mollier, d. Sept. 13, 1888,
age 50

François Vaschalde, d. Nov. 16, 1892,
age 64

Cemetery, Institution Secondaire 8
du Sacré-Coeur, Annonay

Sup. Gen., Hon. Canon Victorin Marijon,
d. Oct. 21, 1931, age 80

Jean Louis Raynaud, olf prof. of Math.,
d. Apr. 9, 1878, age 81

Firmin Hilaire, d. Feb. 3, 1895, age 27

Jules Raphanel, d. June 24, 1887 age 31

Alphonse Tourvieille, minor cleric, d.
Feb. 12, 1888, age 24

Charles Hours, professeur, d. Mar. 21,
1878, age 26

Auguste Bodineau, deacon, d. Feb. 16,
1875, age 29

André Charmant, Hon. Canon of Viviers,
Sup. of Ste. Barbe, d. Mar. 24,
1878, age 75

Jean Mathieu Soulerin, Sup. Gen., Hon.
Canon of Viviers, d. Oct. 17,
1879, age 72

François Roux-Saget, d. Feb. 25, 1890

Camille Meyzonier, d. Dec. 8, 1891,
age 48

Pierre Ranc, Hon. Canon of Viviers, d.
Jan. 25, 1894, age 78

Cemetery, Institution Secondaire 9
du Sacré-Coeur, Annonay

Ferdinand Ozil, Sup. de Ste. Barbe, d.
Nov. 29, 1901, age 51

Marie Elizabeth Polpacuër, en religion
Sr. Marie Adamine, d. July 4,
1931, age 64

Marie Louise Meynier, Sr. Onèsime, d.
Sept. 4, 1944 age 44

Joanny Régis, minor cleric, d. June 4,
1894, age 25

L'abbé Louis Demeure, Hon. Canon of
Viviers, Sup. of Ste. Barbe, d.
Jan. 20, 1896, age 63

Marius Guey, d. Mar. 29, 1900 age 93

Basile Hours, d. May 30, 1898, age 80

Antoine Goutté. d? Feb. 6, 1901, age 58

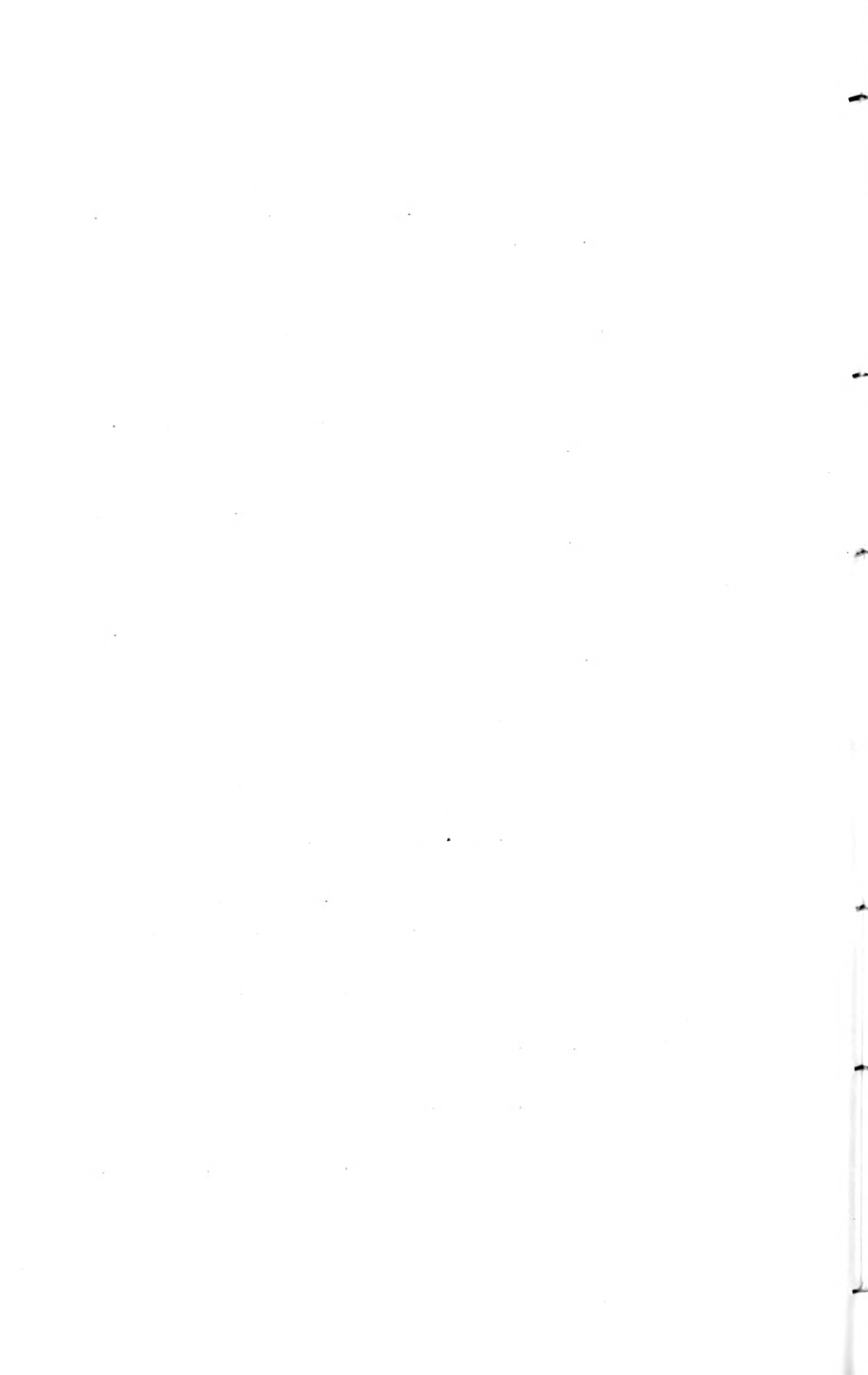
Adrien Fayolle, Sup. Gen., Hon. Cannon
of Viviers, d. July 29, 1898, age 61

Paul Gorgeon, d. May 13, 1899, age 65

Louis Ranc, d. June 28, 1902, age 81

Jean Monin, d. Apr. 6, 1899, age 71

Jean Claude Chavanon, d. Feb. 3, 1902,
age 86



Cemetery, Institution Secondaire 10
du Sacré-Coeur, Annonay

M. l'abbé Pierre Mingot, Prof. of College,
d. June 3, 1931, age 61

Msgr. Paul Jullian, Sup. 1905-1930, b.
Apr. 1, 1858, d. Dec. 26, 1942

Jean Claude Savoye, Hon. Canon of Viviers,
d. Jan. 17, 1929, age 80

M. l'abbé Godard, d. Feb. 15, 1924, age 78

Eugène Durand, d. Jan. 23, 1932, age 77

Louis Legoux, d. Apr. 25, 1935, age 80

l'abbé Ernest Martin, d. Oct. 9, 1935,
age 80

l'abbé Marcel Mourcuc, d. Dec. 2, 1935,
age 76

Canon Denis Mouraret, d. Mar. 25, 1938,
age 72

l'abbé Léopold Chanteperdrix, d. Mar.
31, 1941, age 80.

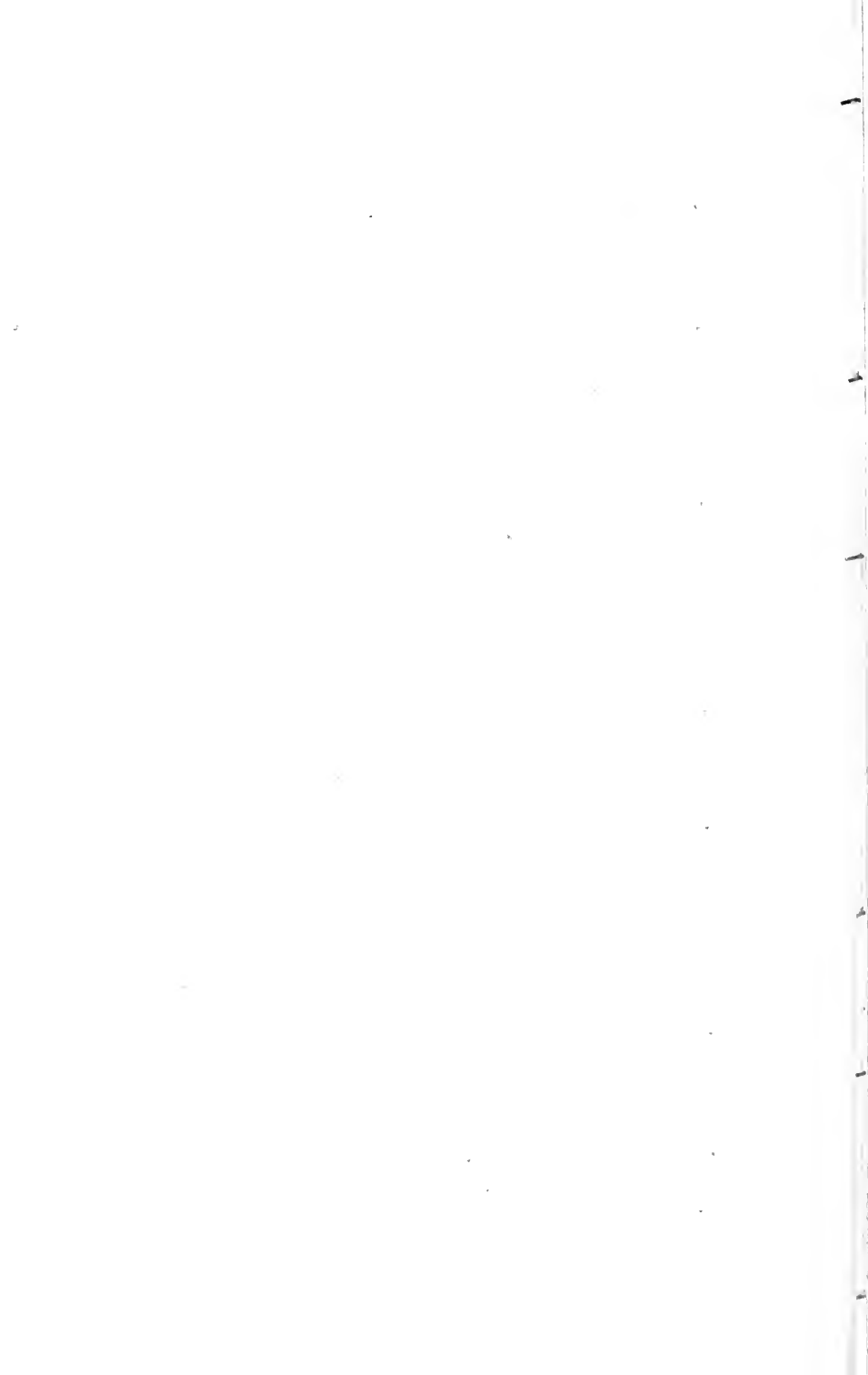
l'abbé, Seraphin Perbet, d. Jan. 13,
1951, age 83.

(Notes made by Father Robert Fischette
during a visit to Annonay, May 1964.
Transcribed from the original in his
possession)

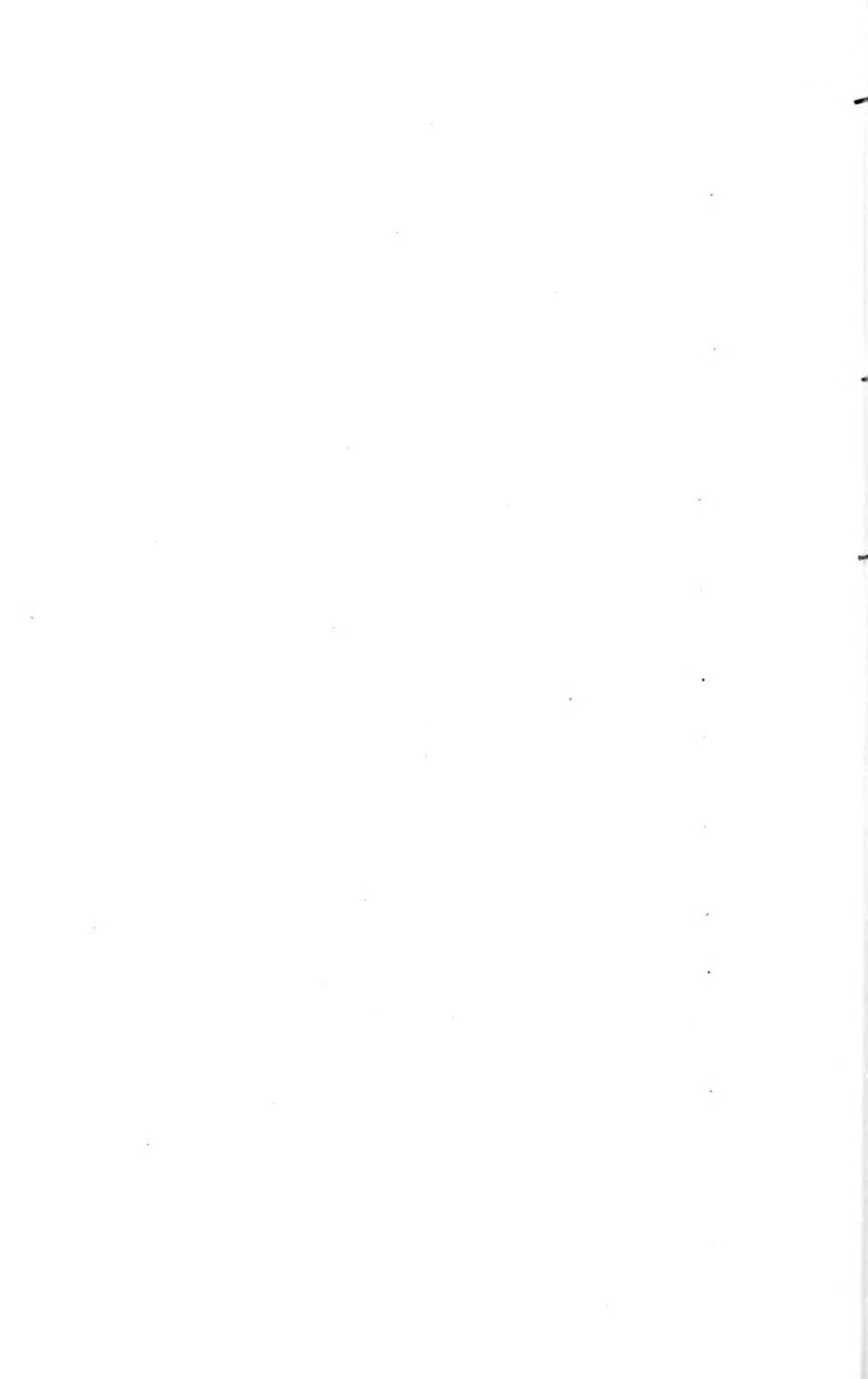
J.M.J.

OBSERVATIONS AU SUJET DU NOVICIAT

1. Surveillance constante de la part des Directeurs quant à l'étude, récréation, dortoir, etc. Déterminer, autant que possible, la part que chacune devrait prendre dans cette surveillance.
2. Déterminer les matières du cours de Théologie, Les novices doivent se succéder d'année en année, il semble que le cours devrait être toujours le même et que dans les autres maisons on devrait faire suite au cours du Noviciat.
3. Auteur à déterminer de concert avec les confrères qui sont chargés de professer la Théologie.
4. Examen de Théologie et de Philosophie tous les 3 mois, où aux époques que le Supérieur Général voudrait déterminer.
5. Conférence de Théologie et de Philosophie une fois par semaine.
6. Conférence sur les matières spirituelles une ou deux fois par semaine de 1/2 heure.
7. Ecriture Ste. classe, 4 ou 5 fois par semaine, de 3/4 heure, se borner aux Psaumes et aux Epitres de St. Paul.



8. Lecture de table à déterminer. La présence du Supr. Général ou d'un Evêque seulement devrait interrompre la lecture.
9. Examiner si on ne devrait pas dans le cours de l'année lire ou étudier le traité des études ou les devoirs des maîtres par Rollin.
10. Politesse, bonne tenue, propriété: établis une règle à cet égard.
10. <sic> Chant ecclésiastique, 2 ou 3 classes par semaine.
11. Catéchisme au moins le Dimanche.
12. Grandes fêtes à célébrer, lesquelles; de quelle manière.
13. Saluts, bénédictions? Déterminer les jours.
14. Règle sur les lettres des novices.
15. Règle sur le parloir, s'il se présente des visites, doit on accompagner les novices?
16. Reception des étrangers, des prêtres qui viennent visiter la maison. Les parents des novices, comment doit-on les recevoir?
17. Defense aux novices de lire le journal ou les livres autres que ceux de classe.



18. Déterminer les jeux permis.
19. Défense aux novices d'aller à Lyon pour accompagner des parents.
20. Si un Novice plus ancien devait présider en étude ou ailleurs, au défaut des Directeurs, examiner s'il serait à propos de lui accorder quelque privilège, pour lui concilier plus d'autorité.
21. Déterminer bien les repas, s'il doit y'avoir goûter.
22. Doit-on admettre dans certains jours quelque extra à table, fixer les jours d'avance.
23. Défense d'aller à la cuisine.
24. Rapports avec les autres domestiques, commissions à faire.
25. Médecin, infirmier, procurer tout ce qu'il faut pour le service des malades.
26. Peut-on établir certaines pénitences de règle pour certaines fautes.
27. Quelles sont les fautes regardées comme graves.
28. Retraite pour le Noviciat; la profession; combien de jours?



29. Régler d'avance pour ce qu'on doit fournir aux novices, surtout s'ils ne payent rien.

30. Quand on s'aperçoit qu'un novice n'a pas les qualités nécessaires, ne pas tarder à le renvoyer, de concert avec le Supérieur Général.

31. S'il y a un novice prêtre, ou ayant fait sa Théologie, quelle exception doit on admettre dans de pareils cas?

32. Coutumier pour fêtes, usages, de l'église, etc.

33. Déterminer, autant que faire se pourra, les fonctions spéciales des Directeurs; c'est le moyen de prévenir la possibilité de divergence et de plainte.

(Transcribed from an unsigned and undated manuscript in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto. It would seem to be suggestions for the Novitiate Rule drawn up by Father Actorie for the new Novitiate at Feyzin)

Father J.J.M. Aboulin
April 19, 1913

15

Rev. A.J. Morley
Assumption College
Sandwich, Ont., Canada

On board Sr. CANADA, Apr. 19th, '13.

More or less rough first 4 or 5 days;
the rest of the time good and very
good. Everybody agreeable. Will land
tomorrow. Passed the Azores and Gibr-
altar, this morning Sardinia. Was sick
only half the time. I said 4 Masses.
Salute all.

J.J.M.A.

(Postcard from Father Aboulin to Father
Morley. Transcribed from the original
in the general archives of the Basilian
Fathers)

Father James E. Daley
May 1961

16

Rev. John Burke, CSB.

Dear Father Burke:

Accommodations have already been made for Bishop Grutka for the night of May 30th at the Royal York Hotel.

Priests are expected to make their own accommodations. However, if you let me know at least the number, and preferably the names, of diocesan priests who plan to come to Toronto, I will be happy to make these myself. Otherwise they should write c/o Convention Manager at the Royal York.

I hope I have these priests on the invitation list. I have been on this job only a little over a week. There are many things which should have been cared for a month ago; this is one of them: addresses.

Jack Madden has 132 rooms available at St. Michael's — most of which can sleep two. These should care for Basilians who come. Assumption University plans to rent a bus and bring the whole house the day before the event; most of Aquinas is coming. Fr. Flahiff hopes that as many Basilians as possible will come. If you or any others in the house would prefer a room at the Royal York, I'll be glad to make reservations. There

Father James E. Daley
May 1961

17

will be a suite at the Royal York where Basilians may gather the night before for a bull session if they wish. It will be under the name of the ever competent Robert H. Flood, CSB. (This is not a public announcement)

Congratulations on your election to the Chapter, if congratulations are appropriate for anyone involved in administration these days. Fr. Flahiff went to Rome to buy his clothes. He returned last Thursday. The Pope told him he was too thin! Portraits this Wednesday. Father Flahiff wants a reception for CSB's in the evening of May 31st. Gene Malley will supply same. Installation in Winnipeg is June 26. Invitations go out Wednesday. Thanks for the addresses you sent. Please give my regards to Fr. Duggan, Dave, Eddie Brennan, Wick et al.

Sincerely

Jim Daley

(Letter written from Toronto, no date.
Transcribed from the original in the
general archives of the Basilian
Fathers)

WILLIAM DENNIS HEENAN

by

M.V. KELLY

C.S.B.

The freshman, in the seventies, eighties, and early nineties made his first visit to the dining room amid varied forbodings, took his seat with certain dim misgivings, and usually sought relief from the mysteriousness of the surroundings in repeated bold glances towards the long table on the elevation, around which fifteen or twenty were seated in the garb of clerics. There was something irresistable about the scene. That costume he had never beheld but at a distance and always with feelings of awe; it was still distant enough to inspire similar feelings, considerably intensified now in presence of so many so arrayed. Meanwhile there were prbably boys on either side ready to point out the greatest musician of the day, the professor who spoke both Greek and Latin more fluently than his native tongue, and the gentleman with grey hair and venerable mien who, not withstanding a decidedly unmistakable French accent, was admittedly the first English scholar in Canada. But as his eye glanced along that row of strange faces, every one, no doubt, wonderful in his sphere, it was

soon arrested by a most unexpected irregularity. There, near the centre of the table on the right, sat a figure altogether unique. He was dressed in civilian clothes. A most distinguished looking man he was, however, features regular and firm, large eyes keenly intelligent, a calm, thoughtful face, a heavy moustache and always supported by a cane. If the newcomer were one who claimed to have made excursions in literary fields, he probably enquired, "Whence comes this one not having on a wedding-garment" and as surely heard in explanation that the distinguished personage was head of the military school in affiliation with the College.

But the freshman's interest in this prepossessing figure did not cease there. A further acquaintance — and the further the more so — revealed a personality so brilliant, charming, gentle, that all, even the least familiar acknowledged it's spell. Of all who are recorded in the College history of that period, there is probably no one so affectionately and universally remembered by students and professors alike. Pupils recall the finished scholar whose wealth of information no variety of discussion could exhaust, who answered their questions with such point and precision, who discovered so many lucid, interesting interpretations of what seemed dry and meaningless, whose few words often threw a flood of light on most difficult situ-

ations, who said so many clever things in so many clever ways. Members of the staff recall a companion who never grew wearisome, always bright and entertaining, seeing the humorous side of every incident, always ready for a spirited discussion provided the subject could be dismissed within the minimum time-limit; meeting his adversary with logic, wit and inimitable repartee, but not once in a life time by a remark that even the most punctilious could resent.

For nearly a quarter of a century, Mr. Heenan gave his attention to the departments then known as Belles-Lettres and Rhetoric. Barring that class of scholars who came forth as the product of years upon years passed in the calm and leisure of Oxford life, it would be difficult to find another equally conversant with Latin, Greek and English — languages and literatures. Though his reading was always extensive, he had begun in early youth to cultivate a taste for the best works in his native tongue, choice passages of which he was constantly committing to memory. At the same time he had made a special study of the peculiar usages of the language, attended to the niceties of pronunciation with the rarest accuracy — in which as a teacher later on he never overlooked a breach on the part of his pupils. His articulation was clear and ringing; his terms and phrases and characterizations, even in ordinary

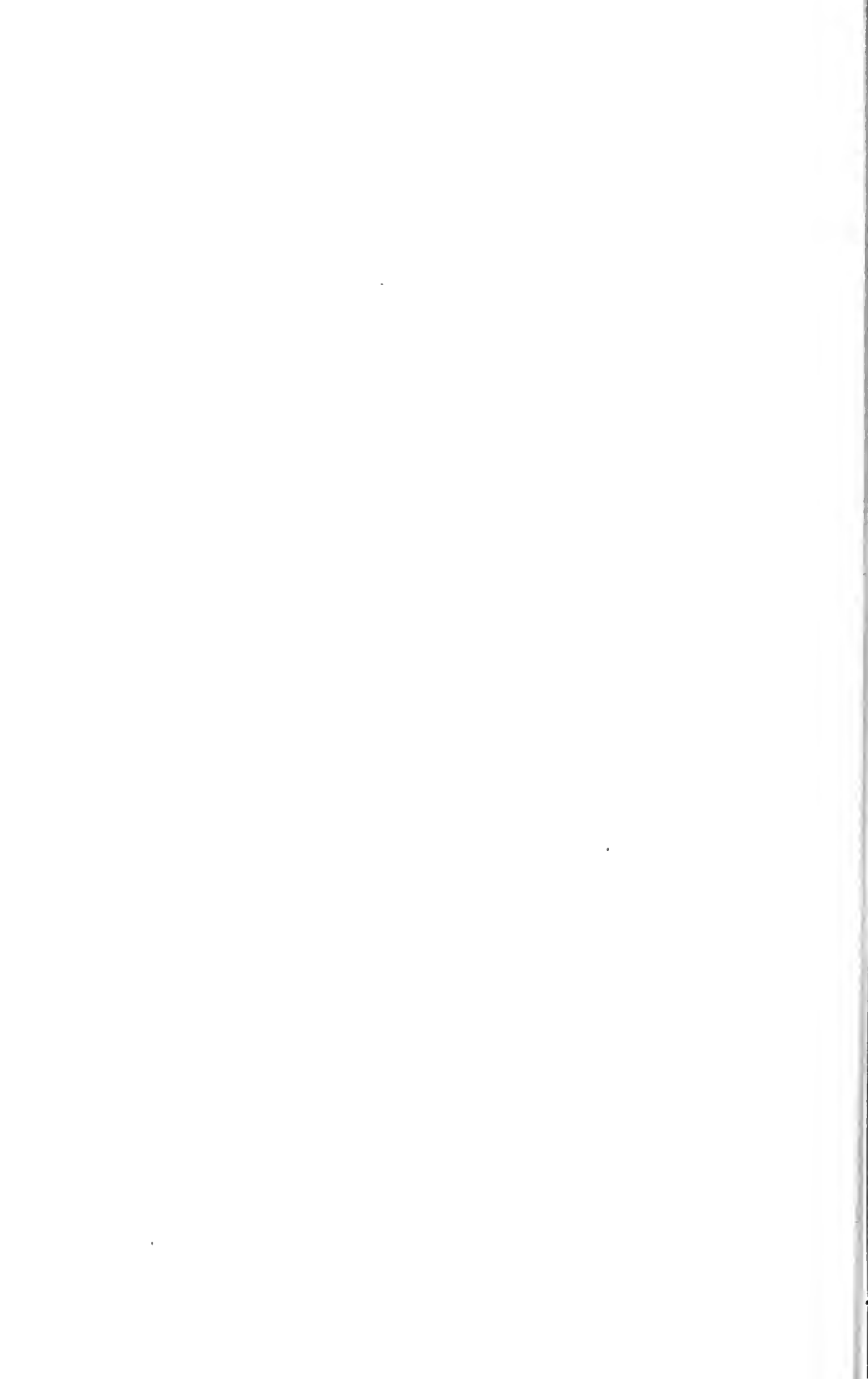


conversations were particularly choice and pleasing. His resourcefulness in this latter respect was practically unlimited. A richness of allusion, a ready adoption of the circumstance recalled to the topic of the moment, a capacity to renew the interest at each change in the trend of the conversation, marked him out as one whose literary attainments could bestow a grace and charm upon occasions even the most unimportant and unnoticed. The same habits of thought and expression he naturally brought to the study of the ancient classics. With him Latin and Greek had long ceased to be dead languages. Their poetry, their eloquence, the beauty of their diction, the sweetness of their rhythm appealed to him as the voices of old friends. He had come to live, so to speak, among the warriors and scholars and heroes of classic days, and as long as the condition of his health permitted, much of his free time was spent reading over and over again those ever-fascinating pages of Virgil and Homer and Horace.

Almost unintentionally I have associated his name with Oxford beneath whose genial sway it was never his privilege to be transferred even remotely. Nevertheless, the further we carry the comparison, the more it would seem that he unconsciously developed in himself what that far-famed center of learning and culture lays

claim to as peculiarly her own. I remember in our Rhetoric year, a number of us undertook the study of Newman's "Idea of a University". However much or little of its contents we were capable of assimilating our attention was certainly arrested by those paragraphs in which, as no where else in literature, the author gives a conception of a character every one speaks of familiarly, — the ideal gentleman. The standard seemed alarmingly high, much beyond the attainment of everyday mortals like ourselves. "He is one who never inflicts pain"; "he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, merciful towards the absurd; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate"; "he is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage"; "no where shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence". This was a great deal to exact, had we ever known any one of whom as much could be said? Did we ever expect to know such a one? And, as if by common impulse, it was unanimously agreed that all the above gave an exact description of our professor of literature.

Years in goodly number have rolled by since; we now speak — those of us who still remain — under the inspiration of grey hairs, varied experiences and a wider knowledge of men and things.



But on this point our decision has not changed. No where in life have we met anyone who so surely measured up to the standard of Cardinal Newman's gentleman as our teacher in those years. Old St. Michael's has gone ahead since then with rapid strides. She attempts things now, the accomplishment of which would have seemed in those days the wildest of dreams. Still with all the success she is now attaining and with the still bright promise of a future, her best friends of earlier years can tender her no dearer wish than that there should be always within her walls an influence so wholesome, so ennobling, so elevating as the past acknowledged in the possession of Mr. Heenan.

There is a side to this story, extremely pathetic. Mr. Heenan was an invalid from youth, suffering from an indisposition which debarred almost everything that makes life possible for the rest of us. A picture which must arise in the minds of all recalls him by the aid of a cane making his way every morning to the classroom, and as slowly returning to his study a few hours later. As boys in all the vigor of youth, who worked and played and ate and slept with equal fear of danger or pain, whose time was completely filled and every day far too short, we little realized what those long holiday afternoons must have meant for one who had no relief from the mon-

otony of toil, but the same four walls of a little room. Here the long winter weeks and months had to be spent. The return of warmer days in Spring allowed the luxury of a seat at the front entry. Such was the variety of his state of health allowed. He had all this to suffer year after year, and, as is generally the case where an infirmity is endlessly prolonged, he had to suffer alone. A great artist, depicting a condition of extreme human misery and sorrow, had written at the foot of the canvas, "No one thinks of it." For the enjoyment of health and prosperity to the full can we easily forget the unremitting pain, the dull weary hours, the vain longings for relief which fill up the days and nights of those in our very midst, even of our dearest friends. And we, too, with all the respect and affection, the mention of our teacher's name would call forth barely stopped to consider the affliction to which an ever-present malady was subjecting him. Privation of exercise, of life in the open air, and change, were necessarily telling on his constitution, leaving a condition more and more aggravated as each succeeding year came and went. There was a rare heroism in the man who, after sleepless nights and with digestion so impaired as to put breakfast completely out of the question, never failed to appear at his post, the same smile beaming on his countenance, the same ready humor lighting up what the pupil would oft times fain consider a

dull prosaic task.

The strain at length proved too great. During the winter of 1896, Mr. Heenan was at death's door. Physicians spoke of 'inanition', 'vitality completely gone', 'nothing to build on', to rally was impossible. Rally he did, however, in defiance of all this, but never regaining sufficient strength to allow anything like exertion. He returned to his farm in Jarvis where for twenty years he has continued an existence bright, cheery, contented, interesting as ever to his old friends who pay him an occasional visit, but withal tried by a physical weakness and incapacity which only one of his patient, calm, courageous Faith would have found possible to endure.

Twenty years is a long time. In the case of most of us, the separation has been complete; distance, new avocations, life's harrowing struggle have contributed to this. We have not seen him since, and I am sure, his own unaffected modesty never permits him to think how much his memory means to all who in successive years followed him into the old Belles-Lettres classroom. Yes, all without a single exception acknowledge a debt they can never repay. And if, in any way, it would help to brighten his declining years, even at this late hour, we would assure him that no one of his old boys

has ever failed to appreciate the privilege it was to spend a year under the inspiration of his manly and kindly voice.

One of them.

(Transcribed from the original in the archives of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Mr. William Dennis Heenan died at Walpole, Ontario, on September 4, 1923. This appreciation was written about 1916 by Father M.V. Kelly who took over his classes in 1896)

Father Clifford Crowley
May 13, 1966

27

St. Mary's Church
The Basilian Fathers
Owen Sound, Ontario.

Dear Father Scollard —

Thought you
might be interested in the enclosed
article. The author, Mr. Frank Harding,
is one of our old-established Meaford
parishioners.

The new church is still in planning —
we hope to be out for tender by mid-
June.

In Christ

Cliff Crowley

(Transcribed from the original in the
general archives of the Basilian
Fathers)

Clipping from the Meaford Express,
May 12, 1966, enclosed.

THE HISTORY OF THE ST. VINCENT ROMAN
CATHOLIC CHURCH, by FRANK HARDING

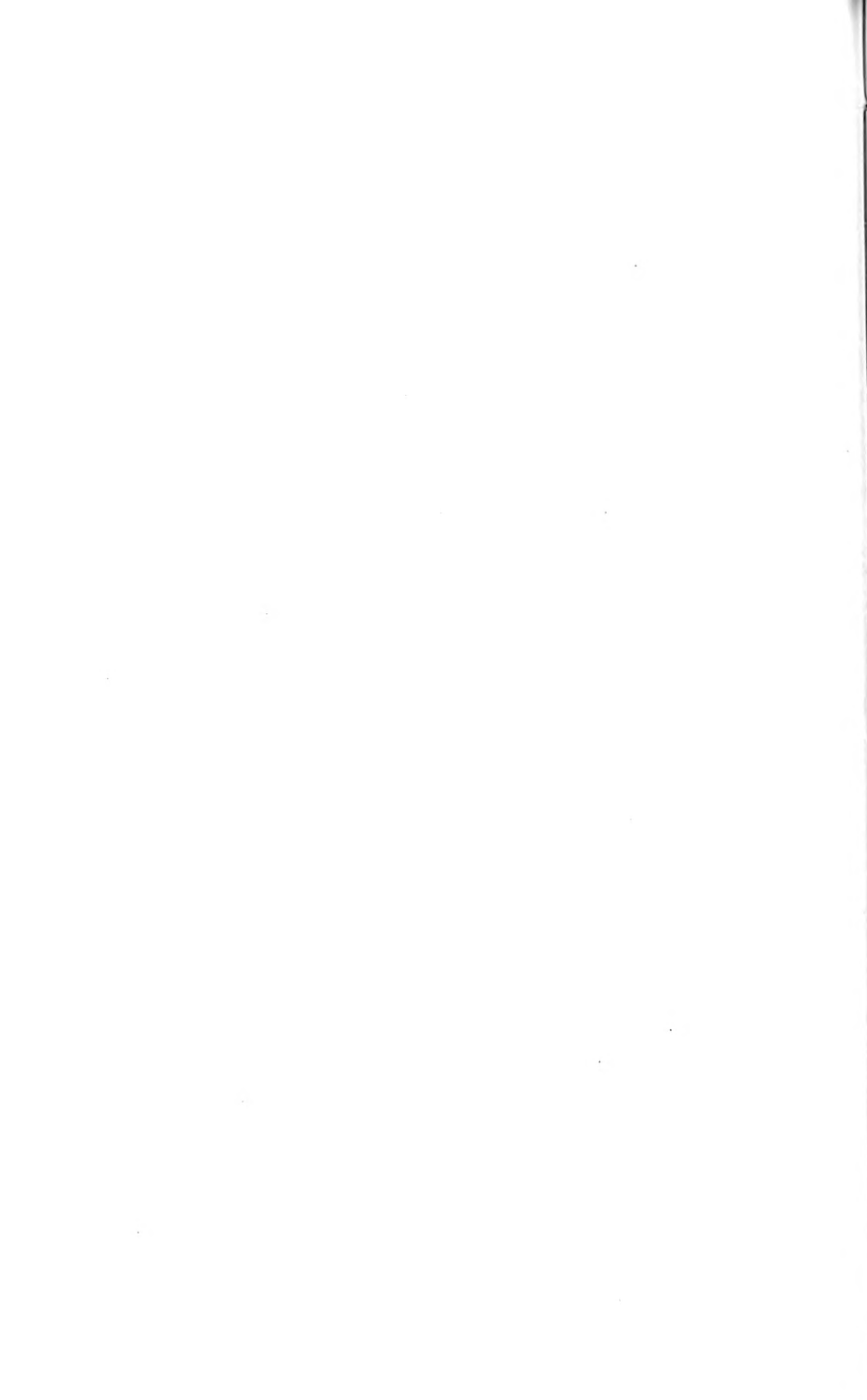
The Roman Catholic congregation of Meaford and vicinity are now in the midst of the preparation to build a new place of worship, to replace the 1870 structure destroyed by fire last Christmas morning. This article attempts to hark back to the days of early settlement and the beginnings of the congregation.

The Catholic element in the community has always been very small. We leave it to other historians as to how this came about. However among the very earliest of the settlers in the township of St. Vincent was Miles McDonald, a Catholic, and his family who settled on Lot 2 Con. 5, in 1835, the first settler in the Griersville neighbourhood. He and his wife Hannahretta gave the site for the first schoolhouse at Griersville. In later years a son, William, became very well known in Meaford where he operated a hotel and where some descendents still survive. He married an Anglican and showed his goodwill long before the term "Ecumenism" was known, by giving the corner stone for the present Anglican church when it was built in 1876. There can

be no doubt that Miles McDonald was the first Catholic settler in Grey County.

After McDonald settled here it was some years before another adherent of Roman Catholicism arrived. This was another son of Ireland, John Ward, who with his family arrived in 1847 by which time there were over 125 settlers in the township. Even so when John Robinson established himself on Lot 8 Con. 6, he was only the third settler on the 7th line south of the river. Thus the long hill on this line, opposite his farm, became "Ward's Hill" for years. The Wards gave a little plot of ground on their farm for a Roman Catholic burial ground, "Ward's Cemetery" where these early Catholic pioneers are laid to rest.

William and Michael Ward were the sons of this family and later returned to Meaford where they lived in a big frame house on the southwest corner of Thompson and Lombard Street, long since removed. This writer has reason to remember it. It was heated by 7 stoves, 6 of which used wood for fuel. Three of them upstairs and each of them had to be dismantled and carried up another flight of stairs to the attic for the summer and set up again in the Fall. The Wards back yard resembled a fuel



dealers premises. Wm. Ward was a fruit tree agent. His brother, Michael, a bachelor, was the first person in this district who had his eyes operated on for the removal of cataracts. Mrs. Ward with a niece, Miss Chisholm, lived in the big house until her death years later. She had a number of Catholic type pictures on the walls of the type of which are not frequently seen and which would be collectors items today.

The Wards were closely followed in 1847 by another family directly from Ireland when John Robinson arrived. The route followed by the Robinsons was a familiar one to many arrivals in the late 1840's. It was not the Old Mail road so familiar to the earlier settlement but was partly a water route. A stage carried them from Toronto to Holland Landing; a steambaoat across Lake Simcoe to Orillia; a stage again to Coldwater and a vessel again across to Cape Rich where a landing place had been established before Meaford. From thence a rowboat got them and their belongings to Peggy's Landing (Meaford) where a wagon was available to carry them along the 15 - 16, just cleared of timber, to where they were supposed to settle, only to find after a few months that they were on the wrong land. They fared little better in the next location and were again forced to move.

This time the Scottish Presbyterians made some land available in the 'Lanark' settlement on the Scotch Mountain at Lot 5, Con. 8, where they resided thereafter. The four sons, however, were not farmers, one moved to Owen Sound, William became a cabinet maker in Meaford, Michael a pattern maker and Matthew a carpenter, also of Meaford.

How the spiritual needs of these families were met we shall never know. Even by the late sixties only another 4 or 5 Catholic families were in St. Vincent and Catholic records so precise in some cases appear to be lacking. No doubt Mass was celebrated from time to time in someone's home as Owen Sound had a resident priest by the late 1850's. Details for St. Vincent were not available for a Catholic Centennial booklet published in 1962.

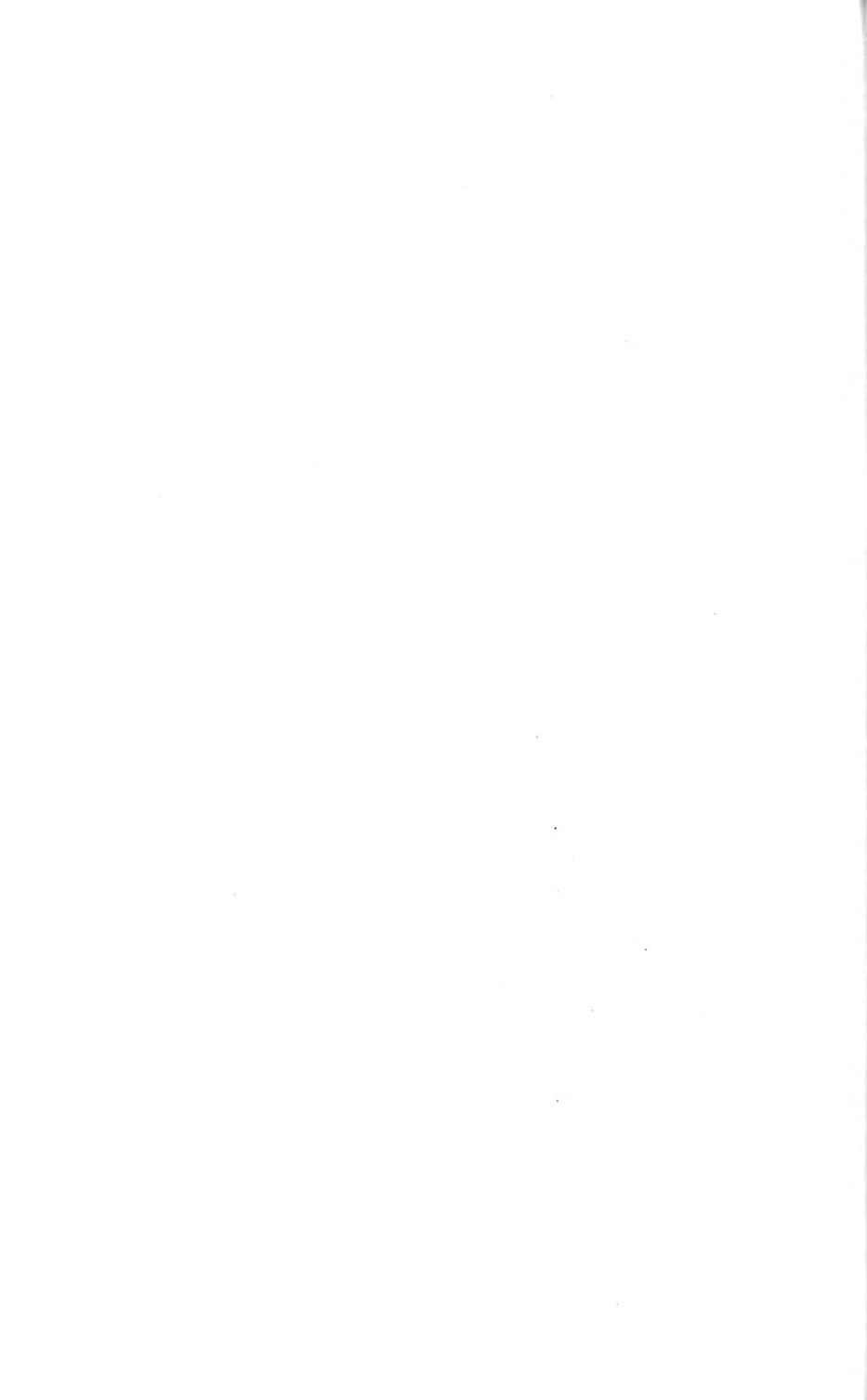
By the late 1860's Meaford had become a flourishing village but here again Roman Catholic residents were at a minimum, possibly half a dozen, the leading families being those of Matthew Robinson, William Killackey, proprietor of the woollen mill and Hugh Chisholm proprietor of possibly Meaford's leading general store and "Emporium of Fashion" in the block where Muxlow's Pharmacy is now located. In the early 1870's Chisholm also built the stores now owned by Cecil Johnston and Stedman's to complete the block.



In 1864 Rev. F.X. Granottier became pastor in Owen Sound and his great energy established during the next few years churches in Chatsworth, Irish Block, Melancthon, Glenelg, Griffin's Corners, Priceville, Cape Croker, Thornbury and Meaford.

In 1869 the church in Meaford was built at a cost of over \$2,000. Just where this money came from is not clear. Whether it was all locally raised or not is a question not answered but a document of 1887 notes that the Meaford, St. Vincent Church, was free of debt (how long it had been so is not noted.) There is no doubt, however, that the few local families contributed the larger share. Matthew Robinson was the chairman of the building committee, he drew up the plans and inspected the workmanship. The contract had been let to J.J. Johnston and Co., local contractors, and David McCann, a member of the firm, was the superintendent in charge. The first Mass was celebrated on February 27, 1870, a little over 96 years ago. Later in the years, Oct. 3rd, Right Rev. J. Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, formally opened the edifice.

In the meantime Matthew Robinson and others decided that the personal factor in the building of the church should not be overlooked. They organized a dinner for Davie McCann to present him



with a silver headed cane in appreciation of "the finest piece of man's workmanship he had ever seen" according to Matt. Robinson.

Now David McCann was one of the leading Orangemen of the County and generally rode the white horse in the 12th of July celebrations and he got wind of Robinson's gift in time for him to also show his appreciation. He had a cane prepared for Robinson and in his turn presented Robinson with it, in appreciation of Robinson being the finest peice of God's workmanship He had ever worked under, according to McCann.

This was not the final episode of this story, however. Some years later while Robinson was the wharfinger at the harbor he kept the cane in his office. In those days a blind man named Robert Johnston lived in a house where Grant's lumber yard is located today. Johnston was not a beggar, in fact he at one time owned considerable real estate in Meaford, including much of what lies north of William Street today.

One day Robinson noticed Johnston going aboard the steamship "Asia" for a trip to Manitoulin Island, and he was stumbling aboard without his cane. He had lost it and Robinson immediately gave him his silver headed gift to help him along until his return. But Johnston had reached his point of no return as that was the trip on which the Asia sank and all aboard were lost but two.

It might be mentioned here that the name of Matthew Robinson ranks high in public service in Meaford. He was chairman of the Water and Light Committee when the first waterworks system was installed in town in 1896 and made sure it was a first class job. He was also a member of the first High School Board in 1890 and was chairman of the Building Committee that had the original school erected. Even today Robinson's great grandchildren are attending this school.

The 1870 Roman Catholic has always been served by clergy from Owen Sound as the catholic population has never grown over the years sufficiently to support a resident priest. Today with the town population increasing since the war, new industry; and tank range personnel; it is still somewhat less than 50 families.

For many years, in fact up until the 1930's, Mass was celebrated but once a month; a priest driving from Owen Sound Saturday afternoon would stay over until Monday morning. The most noted of these was Father Neil Jerome McNulty from 1910 to 1934. A room was always ready in the Ward home for these occasions.

During recent times Masses have been increased to two per Sunday. "May the present congregation be successful in

raising a new church from the ashes
which will meet the needs of the future
as well as the old one did in the past.'

(Transcribed from a clipping of the
Meaford Express, May 12, 1966, in the
general archives of the Basilian
Fathers)

CHURCH INTERIOR DESTROYED BY FIRE
CHRISTMAS MORNING

Meaford. Fire of unknown origin Christmas morning destroyed the interior of St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Church, Collingwood Street. No estimate of the damage is available. Only the walls were left standing.

Firemen were called at 9 a.m., one hour before Mass was to have started. They were hampered by high winds and cold. Rev. Michael Zolondek of St. Mary's Parish, Owen Sound, was to have celebrated Mass but that was cancelled. Mass was celebrated Sunday in Meaford Elementary School.

Built in 1870, the church had undergone a remodelling program in the past four years. A balcony had been added. Painting was finished a week ago.

Arrangements for services had not been made Monday morning. There are about 160 parishioners in the Meaford area.

(Transcribed from a clipping of the Owen Sound Sun-Times, Monday, Dec. 27, 1965, in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Ce jeudi, vers 13 h. 30, au carrefour des Clots, commune de St-Victor, une très grave collision s'est prdduite entre la voiture conduite par le P. Robert, directeur du Collège du Sacré-Coeur et la fourgonnette de M. Michel Faure, de St-Victor.

Dans la voiture du P. Robert avaient pris place les R.P. Roume et Thiollier, professeurs. Dans le choc, le R.P. Roume a été très grièvement blessé, le P. Robert et M. Faure, légèrement et le R.P. Thiollier n'est pratiquement pas atteint.

Le R.P. Roume a été transporté d'urgence à l'hôpital d'Annonay par une ambulance de St-Félicien. Son état inspire de très vives inquiétudes.

(Transcribed from a newspaper clipping in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers)

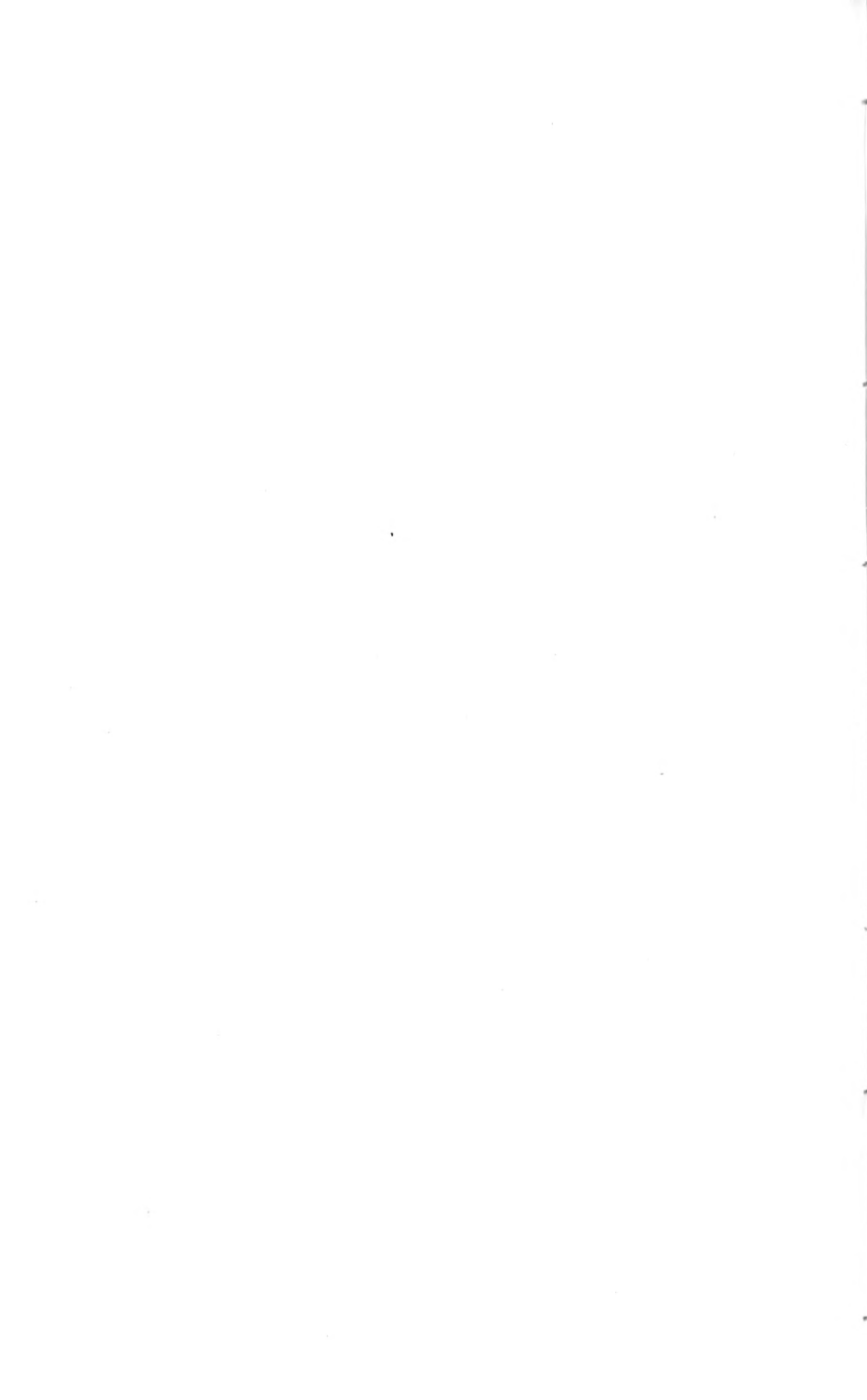
NECROLOGIE

Le Père Roume

Avec la rapidité imposée par la dernière minute, T.V. a annoncé la mort du Père ROUME, des suites de l'accident que l'on n'a pas oublié. Elle annonçait en même temps ses obsèques dans la chapelle du Collège du S.C.

Ce Collège, en effet, faisait partie depuis 35 ans de la vie du Père Roume. Il y était venu, jeune prêtre, après 4 ans d'études au Séminaire français à Rome. Il y avait trouvé une communauté basilienne qui se regroupait avec des éléments jeunes sur lesquels veillaient, comme sur le grain, ces prêtres vénérables, survivants de la dispersion. Car les Basiliens étaient par tout le monde, surtout au Canada, loin du berceau familial.

Il appartenait justement au Père Roume de préparer la fusion. Professeur de théologie, puis maître de junénat, il pouvait parler au nom des jeunes, sans trahir leur esprit, et au nom des anciens, dont il avait la confiance, pour travailler à la réunion des deux branches basiliennes — française et canadienne — en 1955. Il était alors supérieur de la communauté d'Annonay.



Il devait être, l'année suivant, supérieur du Collège du Sacré-Coeur, pour deux ans, succédant au chanoine Eynard, nommé au Petit Séminaire d'Aubenas. en 1958, il en devient économe, jusqu'en 1962 où, détaché sur place pour des recherches historiques, il allait amasser les documents pour son ouvrage sur "Les Origines et la formation de la Communauté de St. Basile". Actuellement, il continuait ses recherches en vue de compléter l'histoire de la Communauté.

Le Seigneur l'aura rappelé avant qu'il ait écrit les dernières pages. Mais dans son travail, comme dans toute sa vie, il avait mis assez d'amour de l'Eglise, de Rome, de St Basile pour qu'il fût reconnu comme le serviteur bon et zélé, promis au repos et à la paix du Christ.

Et en ce vendredi après-midi, Monseigneur Hermil vint au Collège célébrer la messe des obsèques avec six prêtres de la communauté. Plus de 60 confrères les entouraient, dont la présence était un symbole émouvant de fraternité sacerdotale. Le Père Platt prononça l'homélie et, avant l'absoute, l'évêque de Viviers parla de l'espérance qu'autorise la Foi.

Puis de fut la conduite au cimetière. Dans cette terre, bien loin de la terre natale de Ruoms, repose le Père Roume,

à côté de ces prêtres vénérés que son esprit avait charmés bien souvent, mais qu'il aimait plus encore. Il était dans sa 65^{me} année; la quarantième de sa vie religieuse.

(Transcribed from a newspaper clipping in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers)



Glenerin Hall
March 1, 1967

41

PRIESTS OPERATE GLENERIN

By Ron Adams

The Weekly Staff

ERINDALE — Each morning as commuters stream along Highway Five, bound for Toronto's ivory towers of business, they pass within yards of a small group of men who are also beginning a journey; men embarking on a lifetime of service to their faith.

On the crest of a hill at the intersection of Mississauga Rd. and Dundas Highway, securely bounded by 79 acres of picturesque woodland, stands Glenerin Hall.

Built in 1927 as a summer retreat for Toronto financier William Watson Evans, the property now serves as the Canadian novitiate for the order of St. Basil, an international community of Roman Catholic teaching priests.

GIRLS SCHOOL

The Basilians have owned the property since 1961. When they took possession, the land had changed hands twice since Evans died in 1932. During the second world war, it housed 90 girls and teachers who sought refuge in Canada from Hitler's blitzkrieg.

Glenerin Hall
March 1, 1967

42

In 1945 the Robert Simpson Company of Toronto bought the estate for use as a convalescent home for retired employees. Until Simpson's discontinued their use of the building in 1961, it had accommodation for 35 residents plus a staff of 10.

Now in its fourth role, the property has changed little physically since its construction. The Basilians still maintain and use the swimming pool and tennis courts for recreation, and few architectural changes have been made.

The year and a day that novices preparing for the priesthood spend in the novitiate serves as a period of intensive spiritual training. The congregation, which operates 13 high schools and six universities in Canada and the United States, has one other novitiate in North America, at Pontiac, Michigan.

HIGH SCHOOLS

The novices, usually, although not necessarily ^{come} from high schools or colleges operated by the community.

Although the novitiate has accommodation for about 30 novices and the staff of three priests, this year there are only 10. The novitiate year begins August 29th, and will end September 8th when a new and probably larger group of novices will begin their year.

Glenerin Hall
March 1, 1967

43

Father Anthony Lococo, rector and master of novices, says the novitiate usually draws about half its residents from Canada and the rest from the United States. Four of the ten this year are Americans, three from Texas, and the fourth from Rochester, New York.

LONG DAY

The novice's day is a fairly rigid schedule. They rise at 6:30, and morning prayers, office, lauds, meditation and mass take up the time until breakfast at 8:30. There is a short recreation and work period until the first class at 9:15

Classes at the novitiate come under the headings of religious life, christian life, scripture, liturgy, predication and one secular subject.

The secular subject varies according to the interests of the group, but this year they are studying American and Canadian history, with emphasis on religious problems in the new world. The course is taught by a novice, Sam Bianco, a Hamilton native who holds an M.A. from University of Toronto.

The day also has two periods of manual labor. Labors vary according to the season. In winter the young priests

Glenerin Hall
March 1, 1967

44

get on the end of snow shovels to clear the estate's winding road, or stay indoors to clean, wash dishes, and work at maintenance of the building.

The congregation employs no caretakers for the novitiate and all the residents, including two other priests on staff, Edwin Kline and Rudolph Diemer, take a share in the duties of maintaining the estate.

The informal relationship between teachers and novices is unique, but so, Father Lococo says is the novitiate year. "A certain foundation must be built", says Father Lococo, "only in this first year. The whole purpose is to give the novice a period of intensive spiritual training. Without that, they can't live our life."

And it takes a special sort of young man to begin the life of a Basilian. Applicants are tested, both psychologically and in achievement to determine whether the religious quality and the maturity required for the priest's life is there.

Since the congregation is a teaching community, certain intellectual requirements are also necessary for Basilians. Father Lococo says a basic requirement



Glenerin Hall
March 1, 1967

45

for an applicant would be the ability to pass at least a B.A. course. This year, two novices have B.A.'s, one an M.A., and four more have completed part of university courses.

Previous years have boasted some shining intellects at the novitiate. Jim McConcia, a Rhodes scholar and Oxford Ph.D. spent the 1964-65 year there.

During his year at Glenerin, McConcia and another novice, George Dexter, designed and built most of the furnishings and appliances for the chapel. Working mainly with materials found on the property, the two novices crafted the rich butterwood altar, and a pair of religious sculptures, placed in the classroom, were carved from the trunk of a tree fallen on the estate.

CONDUCT SERVICES

The novices at Glenerin also get an opportunity for experience in conducting services. Sunday mornings, Father Kline and one novice go to St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, to assist with the liturgy and teaching.

Following their year at Erindale, novices may return to one of the congregation's universities — St. Mich-

Glenerin Hall
March 1, 1967

46

ael's in Toronto is one — or if they have completed their education, they may begin to teach.

(Transcribed from The Weekly, a newspaper published in Streetsville, page 2 of the March 1, (Wednesday) 1967 issue. Vol. 29 No. 42. Four illustrations accompanied the article which took one half page)

FATHER EDWARD J. SULLIVAN

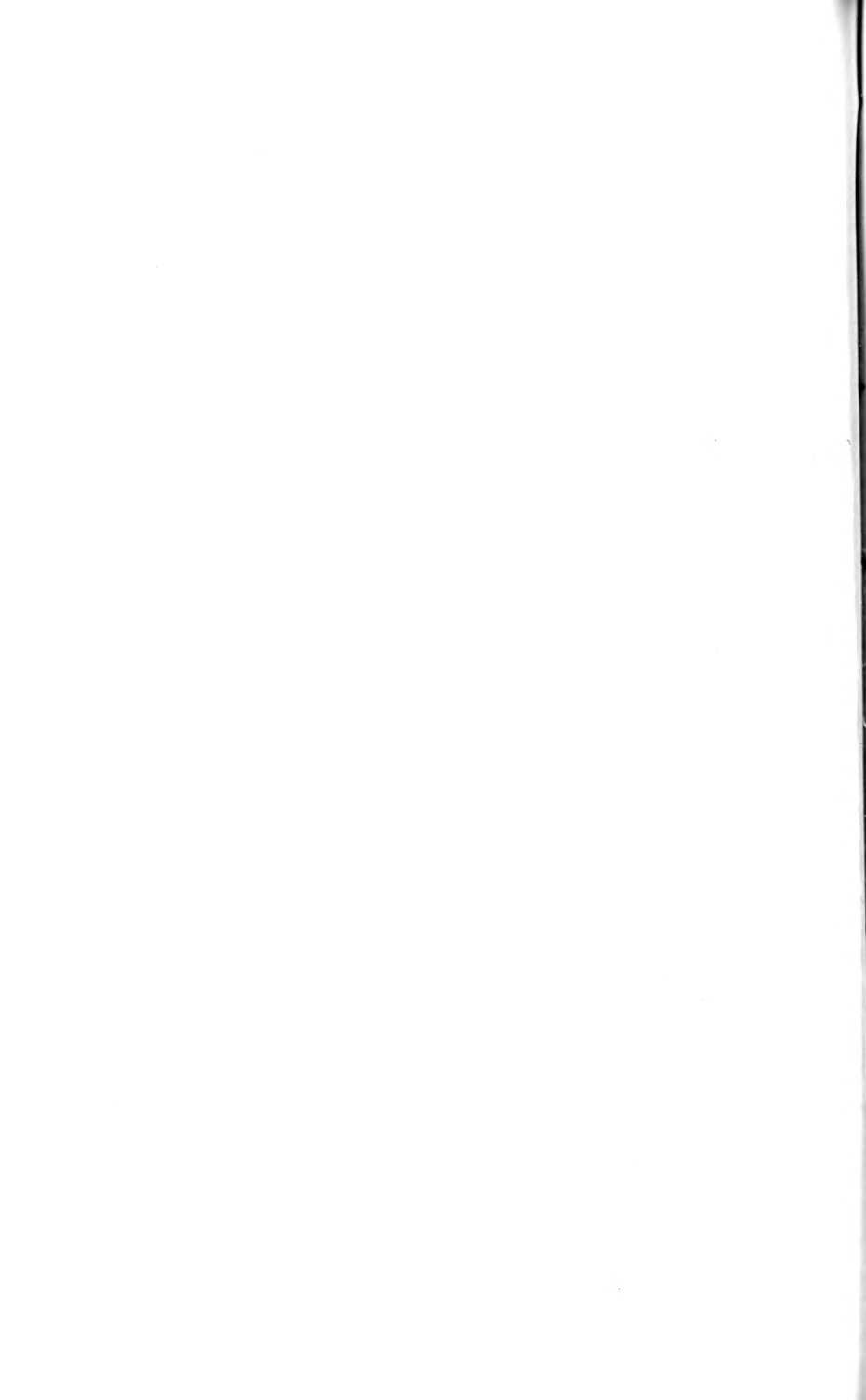
The death at 49 of Father Edward J. Sullivan robs Houston of a great teacher and a great humanist.

Father Sullivan came to the University of Saint Thomas from Toronto 16 years ago, and in October became superior of the Basilian Fathers of the university. He gave a third of his life to Saint Thomas, and through his own taste, charm, intellect and spirit was one of the builders who swiftly raised the young university to remarkable levels of quality.

A scholar who played tennis and golf and painted for his own pleasure, Father Sullivan did some of his best teaching in the college cafeteria. He was approachable, shock proof, compassionate. He knew the value of laughter and never minded provoking laughter at his own expense if he could make the day easier or more pleasant for a student or colleague.

"He was eternally pleased with the goodness he found in others", said Father John F. Murphy, university chancellor, "and he generated goodness in all who knew him. He was one of the truly germinal spirits around the university."

As a city, Houston benefited from the achievements — tangible and intangible —



of this stimulating teacher. His loss will be felt by those who knew and loved him, but his work will endure in the university he helped create.

(Editorial in the Houston Post, Thursday, November 23, 1967, page 2, Section 5. Transcribed from the clipping in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)



Father Edward J. Sullivan
November 21, 1967

49

REV. SULLIVAN, SUPERIOR AT ST. THOMAS DIES

The Rev Edward J. Sullivan, CSB, recently named superior of the Basilian Fathers at the University of Saint Thomas, died at his home at 4019 Yoakum Monday morning.

The 49-year-old professor of philosophy apparently died of a heart attack, a university spokesman said.

Rev. Sullivan was chosen superior of his order in October after serving in the university since 1951. He came to Houston from the University of Toronto.

REV. SULLIVAN was born and attended schools in Syracuse, NY, and earned his bachelor of arts, masters of arts and doctor of philosophy degrees from the University of Toronto.

He also earned his licentiate in medieval studies degree at the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies in Toronto.

Rev Sullivan entered the Basilian novitiate in 1938 and was ordained into the priesthood in 1947 in Toronto. He was a lecturer in philosophy at the University of Toronto while earning his higher degrees.



Father Edward Sullivan
November 21, 1967

50

HE COMPLETED his graduate studies in 1951 and was assigned to the University of Saint Thomas, where he had served as athletic director and dean of men.

Rev. Sullivan was to have flown to Syracuse Monday to visit Mrs. John Ferris and Miss Annie Sullivan, aunts who reared him after his mother died.

Other survivors include three brothers, John F. Sullivan of Houston and Donald J. Sullivan and James H. Sullivan, both of Syracuse, and a sister Mrs. F.T. Sharkey of Syracuse.

Rosaries will be recited at 7 pm, 7:30 p.m. and 8 pm Tuesday in the University of Saint Thomas Chapel. Funeral mass will be said at 11 AM Wednesday at Saint Anne's Church. Burial will be in the Basilian Fathers Plot at Rochester, NY.

(News item in The Houston Post, Tuesday, November 21, 1967. Transcribed from the copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Father James W. Embser
November 15, 1967

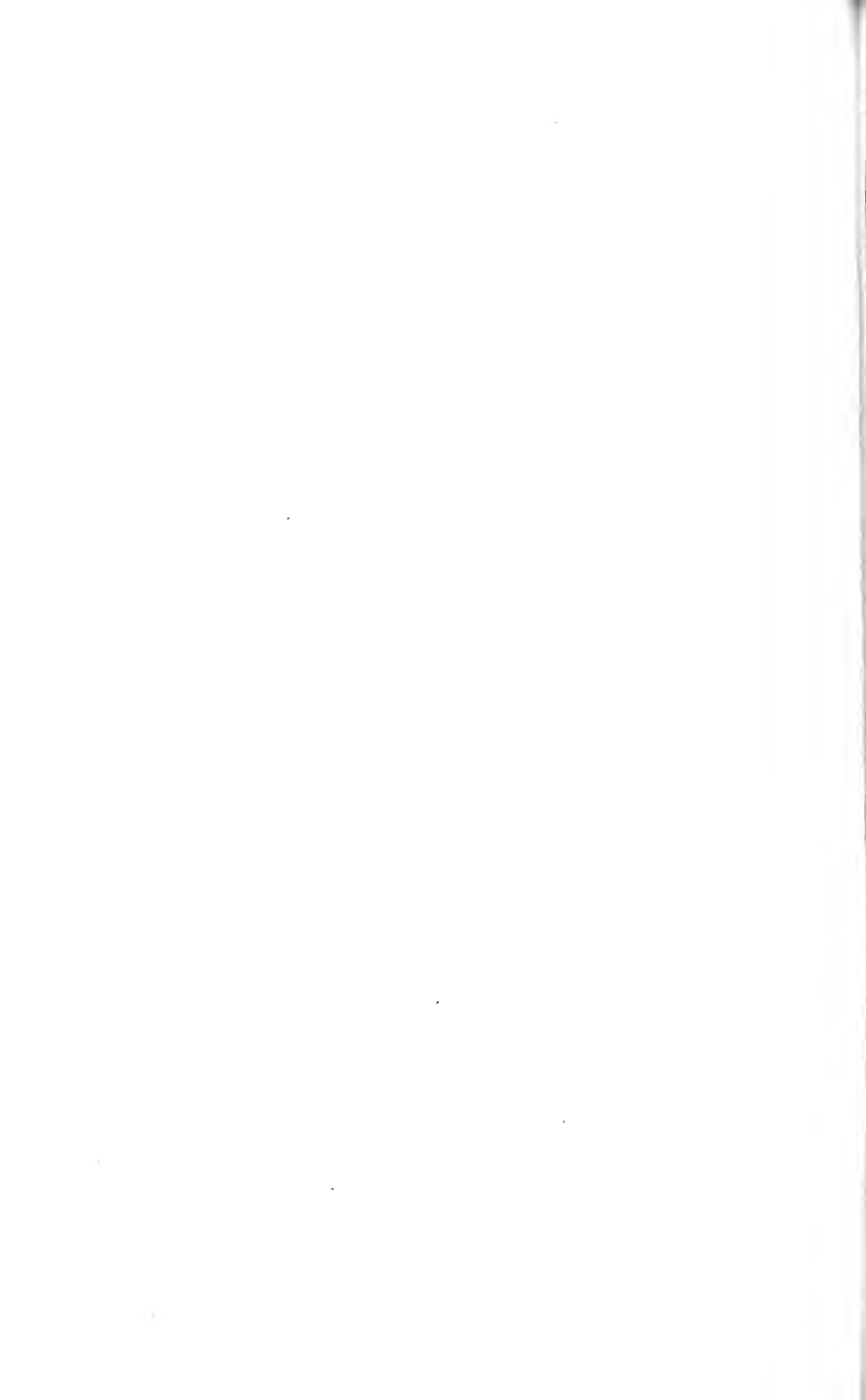
51

The University of St. Thomas
3812 Montrose
Houston, Texas 77006
November 15, 1967

Dear Bill,

It has been a tragic week in Houston. Friday evening was the St. Thomas football game of the year; St. Thomas Eagles vs Strake Jesuit Crusaders. Fathers Caird, Munnelly, Courtney and I left dinner early so as to catch up on the news, get a parking place and get a seat in the stadium. When we arrived Fathers Magee, Gaunt and a couple of others were playing bridge, some were watching TV. I sat down with Father Sheehan and Bill Duggan until game time. In the course of the conversation, Father Sheehan remarked that if I would come in after the game that he would make me a Daquari. I had praised the delicate mixture at a previous gathering. I assured him that I would be on hand.

Game time 7.30 P.M. approached and an enormous crowd packed the bleachers on both sides. Each group was very anxious to win. Neither had lost in league competition. The rivalry would remind one of the University of Detroit High, Catholic Central rivalry. Strake Jesuit got the first touch down. St. Thomas whould have except for a 15 yard penalty caused by the coach speaking wretchedly to one of the officials. The Jesuit team was fast, well trained and



Father James W. Embser
November 15, 1967

52

full of spirit. The St. Thomas team was just as well trained and heavier. St. Thomas journeyed down the field three times and got the three touch downs and converted only one to the disappointment of all on one side of the field. I might mention that the Jesuits did not convert their first to the delight of the St. Thomas fans. In the last period the Crusaders got their second touch down and converted. The final score, 19 to 13, and for St. Thomas. It was hard fought every moment by the teams, the teachers, the students and their parents. Every one was exhausted when the game was over. Father Sheehan watched a part of the game from the tennis court.

After the game the Texas custom and a wonderful one is for the home school to entertain the staff of the rival school. Father Sheehan and Father Roberts prepared a splendid lay out of food and drink. We were invited and when I went in I went immediately to the kitchen and explained to Father Sheehan just why I had come. He put the ingredients in a mixing machine of some sort. It does a remarkable job. When the time came he halted the mixing and started to pour out the white delicious content and then remarked I better stand over the table so that none will fall on the floor. He poured out mine, plenty

Father James W. Embser
November 15, 1967

53

for the rest of the evening and then said that he would put the rest on the table in the refectory with the rest of the food and drink. He went back to the kitchen and I started to talk to a Jesuit English teacher and was so engaged for three moments when Father Duggan came and said, your friend is dead. My question, who is my friend and who is dead? He said go into the kitchen. There was Father Sheehan stretched out on the floor, and the change which had come over him in those five minutes, you could hardly believe it. For the first time I saw the terrible change which comes at the moment of death. Father Wick came immediately with the oils and anointed him. Father Bill Riley ran to the dressing room and got a doctor who pronounced Father dead. There we were thirty of us, Jesuits, a Vincentian and Basilians. We knelt down together and said the Rosary. As I think of it now, that is the way he would want to die. It was in the midst of considerable jolity. Even the Jesuits had forgotten the score of the game. I need not say that that was the end of the party.

Father was laid out in the school chapel on Sunday afternoon. In the evening we gathered for the Rosary. About three hundred attended. On the next day the classes went in turn and recited the Rosary and at the end of the school day



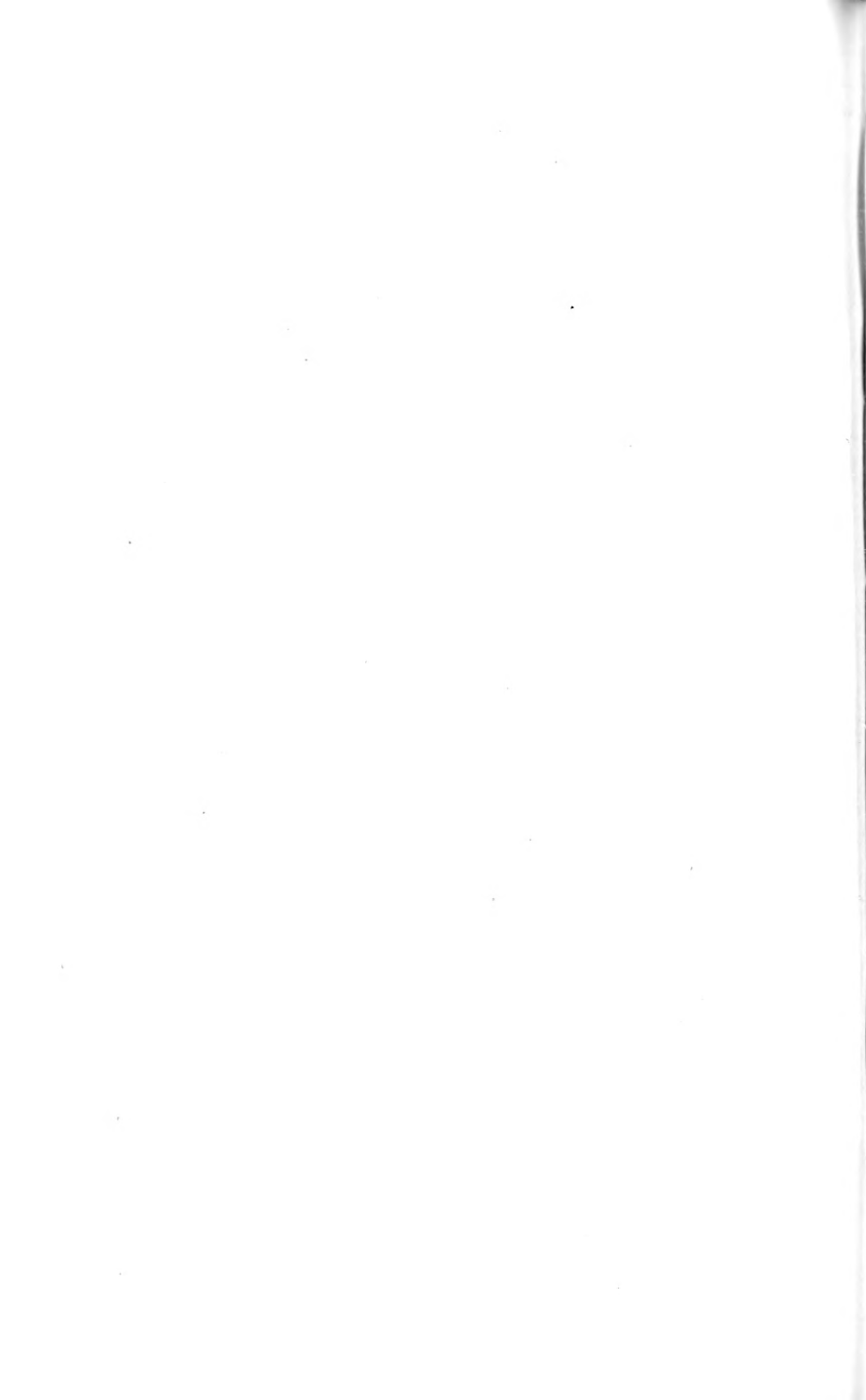
Father James W. Embser
November 15, 1967

54

there was a Requiem Mass celebrated by Father Scott who preached on the occasion. Fathers' sisters, Mrs. Sally Byrne came from Toledo and Norma, Mrs. Hugh Hapberg came from West Palm Beach. I might mention that a year ago Father Sheehan spent two weeks with these sisters in Florida. They met all his friends through the afternoon and evening.

It was a pleasure to see them again. After the Students Mass I called and took them to the University to meet some of their friends. They enjoyed visiting Fathers Guinan, Sharpe, Ed Lee and Father McManus. We showed them around the University and like all visitors they marvelled at the progress. Father Guinan and I went to dinner with them and then to St. Anne's for Mass. Bishop Nold presided, Father Allnoch was celebrant, I guess I was deacon and James Gaunt Subdeacon. About twelve others concelebrated with us. Father John Murphy preached one of his masterpieces. I shall enclose a copy. After the Mass the priests, diocesan and religious returned to the high school for a lunch. It was not just like the one which was in progress at the time of his death.

The next morning at 9:30 A.M. several of us gathered at the Funeral Home for the burial. Father Wick read the prayers and then we started for the cemetery. I



Father James W. Embser
November 15, 1967

55

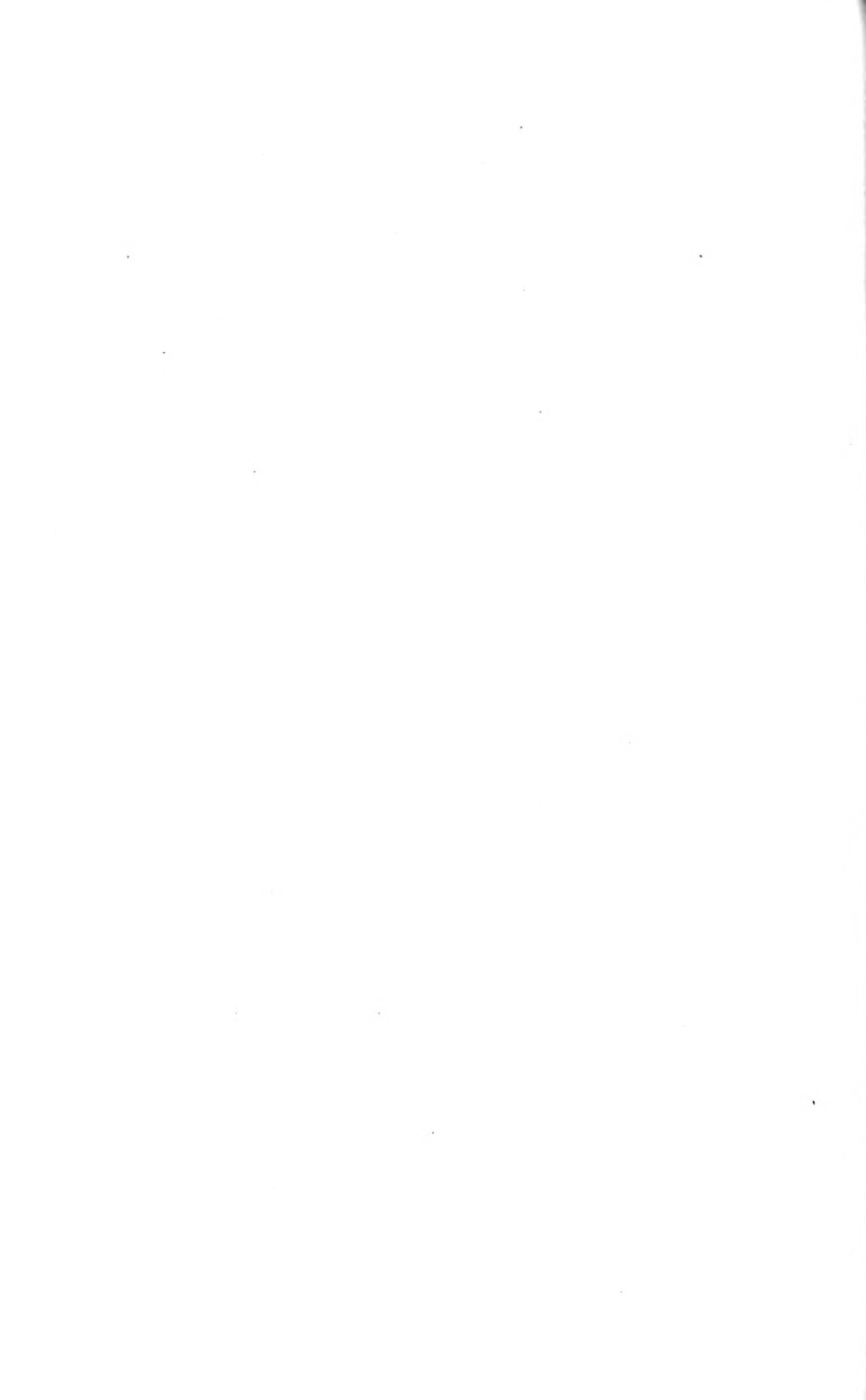
was glad that my Tuesday classes are at 8.00 and 1.00 It allowed me to go. Fathers Guinan, Allnoch, Joseph Meyers, Wick and Magee were pallbearers. Father Wick said the prayers at the grave. It was sad when we had to bid his good sisters farewell. The sisters went to a Motel near the Airport and had lunch with Fathers Wick and Roberts. They remained as long as they could and then visited until they went for their planes.

Needless to say we were all shocked. You do not forget it easily when you see it all happen and so suddenly. We had been told that death would come to Father in this way. I guess that we did not believe it. Father Murphy gives the rest in his Homily, which I am sure you will enjoy reading. We know that you will pray for Father Sheehan's repose and for the Basilian Fathers in these parts as we regroup for our work here.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

James W. Embser.

(Circular letter written by Father James Embser. Transcribed from the copy sent to Father William J. Young and deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)



Obituaries written for St. Mary's
Seminarians' Newspaper

The Basilian Fathers of the Houston area have suffered three great losses during the past six months. Three of their finest priests have finished the work appointed to them. Emerson has said that we teach more effectively by what we are than by anything that we say. He puts it, "What you are cries out so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." The lives of these three proclaim very essential lessons for Seminarians and for all of us.

John Dennis Sheehy

Father Sheehy gives us a concrete example of a loyal seminarian and priest. He was loyal to his friends, to his family, to his students, to his teaching associates, to his priesthood, to the Church and to Our Divine Lord.

He spent hours at his desk every day that he might give the maximum to his students. Every class was carefully prepared and presented in his own attractive fashion. His success as a teacher was recognized by his colleagues and by the Piper Foundation which chose him as one of the ten outstanding teachers of Texas. For years he published a Religious Bulletin three times a week for all the students in his school. In this he placed before them the truth and beauty of the church, her sacraments and her teachings. The parents used to



ask their boys to bring this home that they might profit by the wisdom which they found in his thought. His hobbies, tropical fish and his camera, provided common interest and rapport with youth. Such loyalty and devotion to his students earned their admiration and gratitude and made him a very popular teacher.

His loyalty to his priesthood was evidenced by his devotion to his daily Mass. It was the great moment of his day. His breviary prepared him for his Mass and helped him thank God for his daily privilege. His priesthood gave him an added influence on all whom he met. His love for people and his anxiety to help took him each Sunday into one of the parishes where his sermons provoked admiration and his kindness and zeal won the respect and friendship of the pastor.

The last chapter of his life was a difficult and an admirable one. A ten month bout with malignancy took all his strength and finally broke down his strong manly frame. He accepted it all; no one ever heard him complain. He remained interested in all that pertained to the University and the Basilian Fathers. Each morning His Lord came to him and for the last time an hour before he died. He went from the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to the same Jesus, his Judge. The Lord had intensified his presence within him all the days of his life, consequently



The Lord had no difficulty recognizing His own image in the soul of his friend.

The lesson of his life: Be loyal priests. It costs much in self denial and in effort, but it is so worth while. The defector robs himself of his opportunity to do for God's people and can do little to advance God's Kingdom in the world. Semper fidelis esto.

Father Leslie Vasek

Father Leslie Vasek was a splendid student during his grade school days, which he spent with the Sisters of the Incarnate Word at St. Joseph's School. He continued his excellent work at St. Thomas High School. After his four years there, he entered the University of Toronto where he so impressed his professors that they invited him to enter their graduate school. The same sincere and earnest work characterized his work in Theology. God had been generous with him and gave him a brilliant mind, but Father Vasek would tell all of us that his excellent record in study resulted from hard work. A brilliant mind and a love of work are a valuable combination for any teacher and priest. Teaching is an integral part of the life of every priest. His life would proclaim to every seminarian, that if you want to prepare well for your work in the priesthood, no matter what work you are called to accomplish, it requires self denial

and hard work. You must put your prayer life first and during the years of preparation hard work is absolutely essential. He worked hard for so many years to prepare and his career had just begun. The Lord had other plans for him. The University is grateful to him for directing its financial policies during a difficult period. His students remember him as a fine and interested research physicist.

His hobby was Caesar in a twofold way. In his years of high school teaching, he taught Latin and journeyed all over Gaul with Caesar and accomplished all the labors of Hercules. He had the unique ability to make the Latin language live for his students. The wanted more, whether it was more of Father Vasek or more of Latin, I do not know. I do have an idea.

The other aspect of the 'Caesar' hobby was the little dog, whom Father named Caesar. Everyone on the campus knew Caesar, also everyone who drove a motorcycle. Father trained Caesar to pray before meals and to ask for money for dog food. Caesar was very faithful to his master who made his dog's life a very pleasant one.

Father Vasek was a friend of everyone. We all valued him. His death was a cause of great sorrow. We all miss his smile and those little daily and friendly



encounters. The University carries on with great difficulty without him. Things do not go as well without great men. Great teachers are essential to the University.

To Seminarians, Father Vasek's life proclaims that ability alone will not do it. There must be hard work, which entails self denial. It is hard to deny oneself and keep at the desk when there is so much going on. It is worth while to prepare so Christ will be able to use you for a significant apostolate.

Father William A. Sheehan

Perhaps one of the finest lessons of Father Sheehan's life for all of us is to accept one another as God made the other and not as you would want him. He was everyone's friend. He gave himself so generously to all of us and in return he received that grandest gift anyone can give another, the gift of friendship. To the Seminarian his life re-echoes the words of St. John, "Little children, love one another." He could say too that it isn't easy. You must forget yourself and help the other with the friendly smile, the kind word of encouragement, by your example and your prayers. His life proclaims so clearly that you cannot have too many friends and that friends can make the life journey

so pleasant. To have them you must make sacrifices: you must deny yourself twice in a while, but it is so worth while. You will receive more than you give.

As a teacher Father Sheehan was especially interested in the weak student and the least attractive. He spent his life with Algebra and Geometry. X, Y and Z held no secrets from him and he did his all to share his knowledge with every boy who entered his classroom. He combined his subtle Irish wit and humor and his home spun philosophy with every class. His students left his classroom with enough Mathematics to build bridges and enough Philosophy to live well. His love for God was a practical love manifested to His image in the heart of every boy, yes to every one he met. Needless to say, his students loved him.

A massive heart attack took him from the classroom. As a patient he was most exemplary. He never loaded his cross on another's shoulder. You would never know that for nine years he could expect the summons at any moment. He smiled through it all. And all his life he was the cause of great joy among us. It is not natural to do it all in this way. He would be the first to tell you that you must have the Mass and you must pray under such circumstances, yes, in all circumstances if you want to do it well.



His life urges every one of us to bring joy to everyone, to be generous with our friendship, interest and love. It costs, it is difficult at times; but it is worth while. Our Lord put it all so simply, "Love God and love your neighbor." St. John tells us, "If we love one another, then we have God dwelling in us and the love of God has reached its full growth in our lives." 1 John 4-12. This is the way to do it.

Anyone of these three men could use the words of that great priest, St. Paul:

'I have fought the good fight.
I have finished the race.
I have redeemed my pledge."

I have the reward, the prize I have earned. The Lord, the Just Judge, whose award never goes amiss has granted it to me and He will grant it to all those who have learned to welcome his appearing.

P.S. Should any of the Basilian Seminar-
arians read this, I would like to challenge them to live this life of self denial and also complete the apostolate of Father Vasek in the Physics laboratory, of Father Sheehy in the History lecture hall and the apostolate of Mathematical precision of Father Sheehan. Also go out on Sundays and help these fellow seminarians who will be then priests in the dioceses of Texas and Louisiana.

Addendum

The Church accepts the youthful seminarian as one of her own. She provides the very best in education, training and guidance. For example the Church provided Father Sullivan with four years of University, four years of Theology and then three more years of graduate work. She does the same for all of us. She then furnished the apostolate. It may be parish work. It may be teaching. She expects a return. Her health depends on the return we make and the return we make will depend to a degree on the way we prepare.

(Mimeographed on four pages. Transcribed from the copy deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers at Toronto)

JOHN DENNIS SHEEHY

Loyalty is a virtue much needed, loyalty to the Basilian Fathers, loyalty to the Church and loyalty to God. This virtue of loyalty is very characteristic of the life of Father Sheehy. After finishing his university work at the University of Assumption in 1933, he was appointed to teach at Holy Name Institute, which later became Catholic Central High School. That year he began what was to be his life work, a devoted and dedicated History teacher. After that year he returned to Toronto to finish his theology and was ordained on December 19, 1936. After spending a year at Aquinas Institute, he returned to Detroit and took up the work he had begun during his previous year there. His dedication to his work and his loyalty to his students made him a popular teacher from the very beginning. He prepared each class carefully and mixed his delightful humor with each presentation. His loyalty to God was manifested by his worthwhile hobby, the publishing of a religious bulletin three times a week for all Central students. The boys actually devoured every word of his instruction. Every Sunday found him on his Sunday assignment, for many years in Wyandotte where his zeal and kindness won the respect and lasting friendship of Monsignor Linsenmeyer, the pastor. During many of his Detroit

years he volunteered the typing and the printing of the quarterly examinations. His sincere and superior work was observed by his superiors who appointed him Superior of the Detroit Basilian Fathers and Principal of Catholic Central High School in 1946. During the following six years he gave excellent leadership and administration. Along with his usual duties he put up the new building on Outer Drive and accomplished the work for his Master's degree at the University of Michigan. He was always at home and always working to improve himself that he might give more to his students. Even his hobbies, tropical fish and the camera provided common interest and rapport with youth.

His life and work through these years prepared him for the significant work which he has just now completed at the University of St. Thomas. He was appointed here in September 1952 where for six years he held the position of Registrar and later Professor of History and Political Science. Again he won the respect and admiration of his students and of his colleagues on the faculty. In 1965 his prowess as a teacher was recognized by the Piper Foundation who named him as one of the ten outstanding teachers in Texas Universities.

The last chapter of his life was a very difficult one. Yet he accomplished it in the same way as all the other chapters.



He knew that his health was failing. He accepted it all so nobly. Never was he heard to complain or find fault. He remained interested in all that went on and wanted to bear his cross and not load it on the shoulders of others. God was with him every step of the way. Each morning he received Him in Holy Communion and the last time an hour before his death. He went from the presence of Jesus in the Eucharist to the same Christ, his judge. The Lord had intensified his presence within him so often and came to strengthen him for the journey into heaven. Faithful to the end: loyal to his God, to the Church, to the Basilian Fathers and to each of his confreres. Father Sheehy has left us his life picture of a loyal and faithful priest. This decade needs such priests.

(Mimeographed sheet written by Father James W. Embser in January 1967. Transcribed from the copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)

FATHER CYRIL BERGERON, 1914-1963

A severe series of coronary attacks calimed the life of Father Cyril Bergeron in Mt. Carmel Mercy Hospital, Detroit, on Sunday, June 23. Father suffered continuously for a number of years from this heart condition and in recent months felt its increasing seriousness. The day of his death he was to suffer his most painful ordeal. Because of this his fellow Basilians were with him continuously all that day and Father Wilfrid Kehoe was the last of his confreres to be with him as death came.

Father Bergeron's birthdate is registered as December 23, 1914, at Cloquet, Minnesota. Detroit, however, was eventually to become his home. It was while there that he was to attend Catholic Central where his desire to become a Basilian was fostered. He entered the Toronto Novitiate in August of 1934.

Father Bergeron received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Toronto in 1938. His teaching assignments were to send him subsequently throughout the community from Toronto to Rochester and from there to Houston and finally to Detroit.

His coronary condition, first felt in 1956, necessitated his relinquishing his classroom work in Detroit and an



interim was spent engaged in parochial work in Blessed Sacrament Parish, Windsor. However, he requested to return to teaching in 1959 and was re-appointed to Catholic Central until death.

Father "Cy", like so many Basilians before him, was called to his eternal reward at what has come to be considered as the average age of a Basilian. He lived from his first moments as a Basilian, a very active life engaging, from the beginning, in activities priestly, academic, and athletic, which our life presents.

His energetic manner was a driving force in all Father undertook. All the while he lived as the dedicated priest. He so often expressed to his concerned confreres that he wished to die as he actually did, being so very active in all phases of a Basilian to the last hours of his life.

One had to live close to Father to know just how dedicated a priest he was for he was never one to advertise all he did so tirelessly. As a priest his quiet zeal was spent in preparing diligently his sermons by copious spiritual reading. His religion classes were alive with concern for his students' spiritual life. Hours were spent in the parlor with his converts.

As a teacher, here too was his untiring energy spent in his love for his subject. He was a real student of his subject matter and won from his students a pro-

Father Cyril Bergeron, 1914-1963 69
by H. Norbert Clemens

found admiration for his vast fund of knowledge of history.

As a sportsman, he contributed greatly in his coaching days to the physical well-being of his players. His personal love of golf was known to his confreres all of whom respected his skill at the game.

Father Bergeron will long be remembered for his infectious laugh, his constant kindness, and his being a priest's priest. R.I.P.

(Transcribed from the author's manuscript deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



FATHER EUGENE BURBOTT

Death came suddenly upon Father Eugene Burbott. To many this would seem surprising and yet as one looks over the short life of this priest of God one realizes he accomplished a lifetime of work in just forty-one years. His secret was a strong zeal for the care of souls. As a child he made promise never to waste a minute. His numerous activities helped him to fulfill this promise to the letter.

Father Burbott always kept one eye on eternity and one eye on this life. He strove to prepare mature Christians for mature living. The youths under his care felt that he taught them to live as Christians — Christ must be their daily lives not just a passing fancy. His efforts were to make Christ a reality, the Church meaningful, and the good habits they developed were to be as so many tools for carrying on the worship of God by His people. Thus he trained and guided youth to be Christians not just for today but also tomorrow.

The Eternal Priest called Father Burbott while he was taking a much needed rest at his home with his parents. Sick only a few days he suddenly suffered a cerebral hemorrhage on July 14, 1962, in Rochester, N.Y. This was a blessing from God since the Burbott family had given their son to work for many years

in the South, now as a reward for their and his sacrifice of life God called him when they could be near in that last hour and have the consolation of participating in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul.

The career of Father Burbott, while always in keeping with the Basilian way of life, was fulfilled in a professional manner. His great interest in science and physics spilled over into the lives of his students by helping them to know and admire all the progress of science. The mechanics of radio and television were all part of his high school instructions. The students were taught not just to listen or look but to actually construct these modern means of communication.

It was no mere coincidence that Father Burbott died on the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Since his days as a scholasti he constantly spread this devotion. Frequently he went to St. Joseph's Hospital, asked for the discarded XRay photographs, cut these into small pieces to protect the Brown Scapulars he would have had his high school students make. Many a missionary received these scapulars for their work in foreign lands.

As a Vocation Director and Guidance Counsellor he assisted students to be familiar with the Christian way of



living. Not as strangers to life as it unfolded itself to them but as citizens who willingly would take their share of responsibility for the Church, the Family, and the State. His students were taught to work and work hard so they might willingly play their part in improving and renewing the various roles destined for them by God's plan. No problem was too great, no confidence too small to escape this Fashioner of God's people.

His generosity of spirit, his thoughtfulness for the least detail, his energy for exactitude in and out of the classroom, all these qualities made the life of Father Eugene Burbott one that was lived thru, by and with God. May he rest in peace.

(Obituary notice submitted for use in connection with the notice in the Basilian Annals 3 (1960-66) 160-161. Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



FATHER EDMUND BURNS, 1908-1961

Father "Tris" Burns was at the same time very human and very priestly. There was a warm Basilian quality about him. He was at home with everybody, especially children — and Basilians. He was at home because he was himself. Certain idiosyncracies he had; he was very nervous about automobiles; he hated to go downtown; he loved to pun.

We could not help but love him, because he was lovable, because he loved people of every description. He had time for everybody. Many a scholastic and neophyte priest has been made to feel at home by his unassuming interest, by his friendly banter.

The variety of God's people and God's world was a constant wonder and delight to him. The ordinary routine of our life did not seem to bore him. He was at home with himself and others, and he was at home with God. He was usually literally at home too. The article of the Rule about being satisfied with cell, books and confreres was fulfilled in his life. He was a constant reader of intellectual as well as lighter matter and he was up on current developments. He was at home in the community room, in the kitchen, in the chapel, and on the playing field. He was at home in the classroom.

His death came as a special shock, because at fifty-three he seemed very young, very healthy, and very much alive. There was no warning that he was about to die. He was at Strawberry Island that he loved so much. He had been down to Toronto for Sunday work, saying two Masses. He had returned to the Island and had taken part in an evening ball game. He was on his way to Benediction and God suddenly called him home. But he had been home all the time. So heaven must not have been a great surprise to him.

Edmund Eugene Burns was born in Detroit on July 12, 1908, the son of Matthew Burns and Delia Walsh. He attended Holy Redeemer School. In 1922 he went to Assumption High School. In high school and in College he was a great athlete. At Assumption he was given the nickname "Tris" "Speaker" because of his ability at fielding and hitting in baseball and softball. In college he became one of Canada's football greats. He also excelled in basketball and handball.

A superior student, his interest in reading and ideas remained with him all his life.

Gifted with a fine tenor voice, Father Burns loved to sing. His talent with music enabled him to direct the famous

minstrel shows in Houston in the late thirties and early forties. The organization and business details, though, had to be looked after by others. Certain practical abilities, Father Burns lacked.

In August 1926 he entered the Novitiate, and was professed August 11, 1927.

He took his College course at St. Michael's, B.A. 1932 and later went to the Ontario College of Education, 1933-34. He was ordained December 21, 1935, and received his M.A., Houston, 1942.

His first assignment as a priest was St. Michael's College School, 1936-37, then to St. Thomas High School in Houston and he remained there until 1947, when he went to Assumption High School. In 1951 he came to Aquinas where he spent the remainder of his life.

His subjects were English, Latin and Algebra. He held the interest of his students by his lively presentation and aided their memory by putting lines and rules to music. His frequent jokes and puns in class did not keep him from demanding and getting serious work from the students.

At Aquinas Father Burns coached freshman basketball. He was also first councillor at Aquinas. This job did not

appeal to him because he hated to have to exercise authority. He probably would not have made a very good superior, too nervous. He knew this. He was a good first councillor, though, because he was a good Basilian. His presence in a house gave it added stability. His sound and sane "down to earthness", his balanced sense of humor, his humble, unassuming interest in the work and life of the house, his appreciation for others and for the work of others, always helped keep things on an even keel. Father Burns enjoyed teaching. He was a good teacher, because he knew his subject and he knew his students. He often gave up his Saturday mornings to help them.

To know Father "Tris" Burns was to learn something of Christian joy and Christian wonder, to learn something of Faith and Hope and Charity. To learn that to be fully human is to be fully Christian, is to be a child, laughing and playing and wondering and worshipping in your Father's house.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto. This obituary was written in September 1961 for use in the notice in The Basilian Annals 3 (1960-66) 89-91)



Funeral of Father E.E. Burns
July 27, 1961

77

FROM THE ROCHESTER CATHOLIC COURIER

Funeral services for Rev. Edmund E. Burns, C.S.B., assistant superior of the Basilian Fathers of Aquinas Institute and teacher of English, Latin and Algebra, were held Thursday morning (July 27) at Holy Rosary Church, Rochester.

Father Burns, 53, died suddenly of a heart attack at Strawberry Island, summer home for Basilian priests and scholastics, as he walked to the island chapel Sunday evening, July 23, 1961.

Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Auxiliary Bishop Lawrence B. Casey. Archpriest was Rev. Frank Burns, C.S.B., cousin of the deceased. Deacon was Rev. James Cross, C.S.B., and subdeacon, Rev. Leon G. Hart, C.S.B. Masters of ceremonies were Rev. Gerald Appleby and Rev. Conrad Sundholm of the Cathedral staff. A Basilian priests' choir sang under the direction of Rev. Benedict Ehmman, pastor of St. Michael's church, Rochester. Rev. A. Leland Higgins, C.S.B. preached the sermon. Scholastics of the Basilian community served the Mass.

A native of Detroit, Michigan, Father Burns entered the Basilian Community in 1927 and was ordained to the priesthood

Funeral of Father E.E. Burns
July 27, 1961

78

at Toronto in 1935. He attended St. Basil's Seminary, Toronto; the University of Western Ontario and the University of Detroit.

Following ordination he taught at St. Thomas High School in Houston, Texas, and Assumption High School, Windsor, Ontario, before coming to Aquinas in 1951. As a high school student and later in college he starred in football and baseball. For the past several years he has coached the Aquinas freshman basketball team.

Father Burns is survived by two brothers, Owen and Matthew of Detroit and five sisters, Isabelle and Julia of Detroit, Mrs. J. Rogers of Farmington, Mrs. J. Lynch of Detroit and Mrs. D. Till of Livonia.

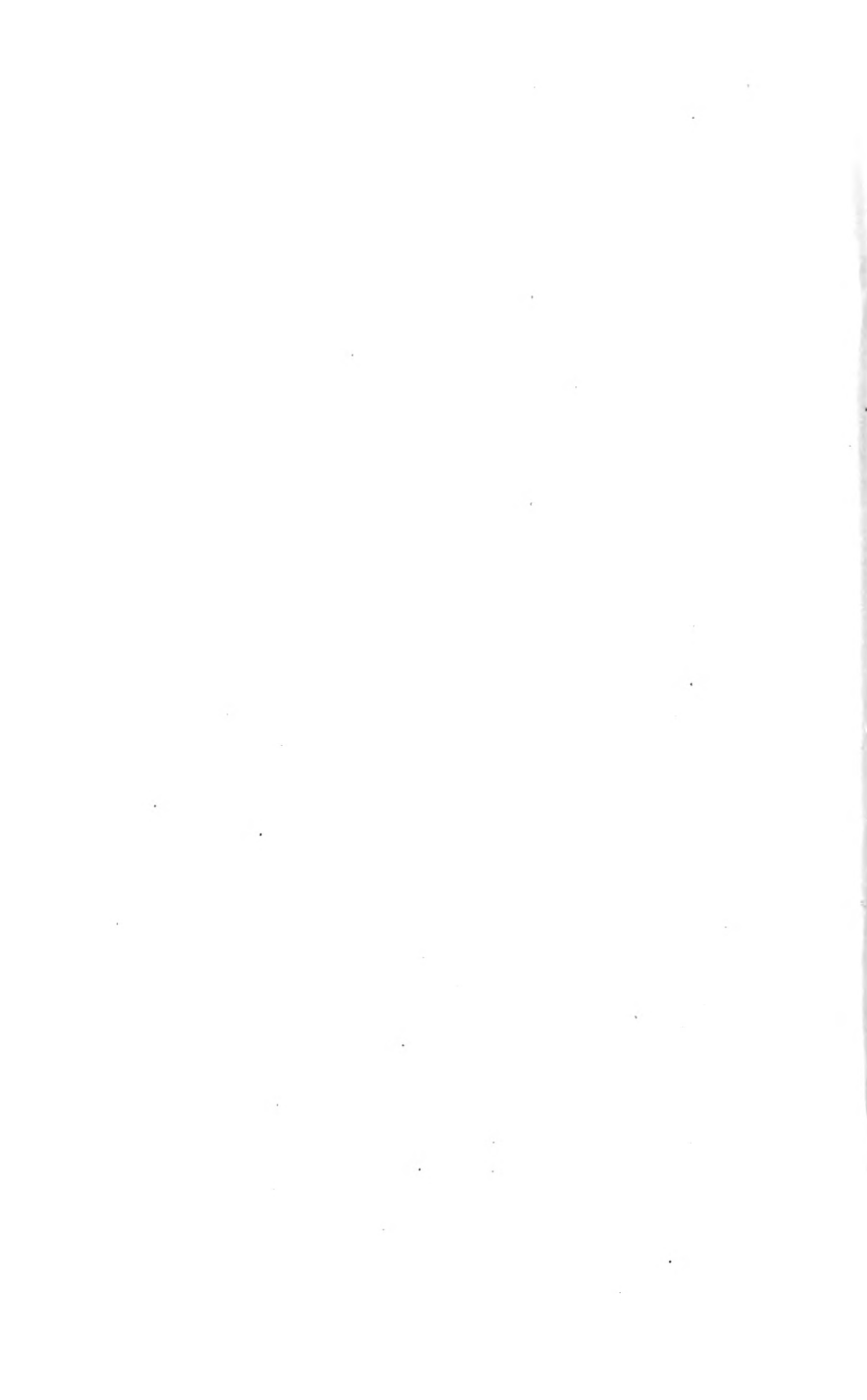
Priests of the diocese and the Basilian Fathers chanted Vespers of the Dead Wednesday evening. Following the Mass Thursday, burial was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Rochester.

(Transcribed from the copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

Probably the majority of ordained Basilians who viewed the remains of Father Balke Coll could claim that they never saw him alive. Since 1940 Father Coll came into Ontario only a few times to make his annual retreat. Due to a long teaching year (nearly ten months) and his graduate studies at the University of Alberta, Father Coll had little time even for vacationing in his beloved New Brunswick.

His fellow novices will remember Blake Coll as being a little on the quiet side, slow to intimacy, but staunch when you were accepted into his friendship. His scholarship was never challenged, his urbanity so obvious, his religious decorum so proper, that here definitely was the personification of Newman's definition of a gentleman, 'never causing another pain'.

Father Edward Blake Coll was born in St. Peter's Parish in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, on June 12, 1907, the son of Owen J. Coll and Florence Delaney. He had one brother, Ronald, two years his senior. The writer remembers the two young brothers in grade school as being inseparable. Their aunt, Miss Coll, was the grade I teacher in their school, St. Peter's, and their paternal grandfather was the only Catholic member of the St. John City School Board.



Late in World War I, when his father was overseas with the Canadian Army, Blake lost his brother, Ronald, in a drowning accident. Within another year he lost his mother. His aunt, Miss Annie Delaney, R.N., took the responsibility of looking after her ten-year-old nephew. As soon as he finished grade school he was sent to the Basilian Fathers at St. Thomas College in Chatham, N.B., in the early twenties. In 1923, when the Basilians withdrew from Chatham, Blake was sent to Assumption High School at Sandwich, Ontario.

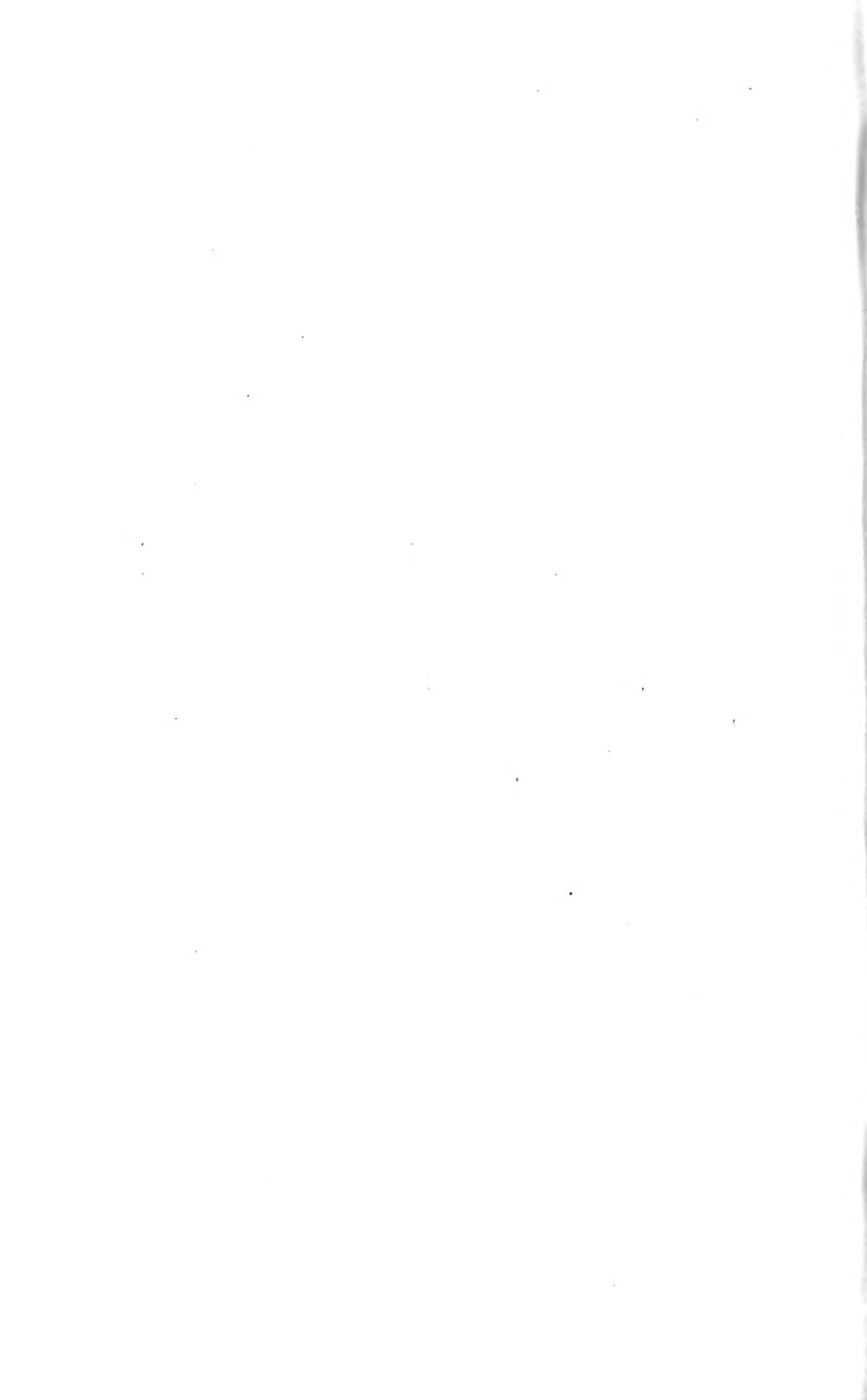
In 1926, he entered St. Basil's Novitiate in Toronto and was professed on August 11, 1927. After profession Father Coll was nine consecutive years in the old St. Basil's Seminary at 21 St. Mary Street. As a scholastic he obtained a B.A. from the University of Toronto in 1932 and attended the Ontario College of Education, Toronto, 1933-34. Cardinal McGuigan raised him to the priesthood in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on December 21, 1935.

After ordination Father Coll taught French and Latin at St. Michael's College School, Toronto, 1936-38; Assumption High School, Windsor, 1938-40; and St. Mary's Boys' High School, Calgary, 1940-61. In this last post he also continued his pedagogical studies, obtaining a B.Ed. degree from the University of Alberta in 1944 and the Master's degree in 1955. He was appointed to the

Local Council of the Basilian Residence in Calgary in 1947 and from 1955 to 1961 was Superior and Principal. The Extraordinary General Chapter held in July 1961 elected him as the third member of the General Council.

It has been reported that Mrs. Gerry O'Neil (father's cousin and with whom he spent his vacations) was distraught at Father Coll's condition in St. Joseph's Hospital and kept wringing her hands and exclaiming, "Father Blake, Father Blake, what can I do for you, what can I do for you?" And to the surprise of everyone present Father Coll opened his eyes and said, "You can take me home." What Mrs. O'Neil couldn't do, Christ did on the feast of St. Augustine, another notable teacher and fine gentleman.

(Written for use in the obituary notice printed in the Basilian Annals 3 (1960-1966) 88-89. Transcribed from the original, deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Joseph William Conway, 1924-1961 82
by A.L. Williams

REVEREND JOSEPH WILLIAM CONWAY, C.S.B.

1924 — 1961

"They needed a good coach in Heaven, so God took "Big Bill" away" — thus wrote a sports writer in the Toronto papers upon the death of Father William Conway. Perhaps the exploding of a nuclear missile could not have stunned the Catholic populace of Toronto and the local sports world in general more than the news of his death.

Father Conway was born in Toronto on October 30th, 1924, the youngest of three children born to William Joseph Conway and Gertrude Bernadette Laughlinn. He followed his older brothers, Hugh and Alan, to St. Michael's College School. When he applied for admission to the Novitiate in 1942, the authorities of the School recommended him to the Superior General as, "an average student, respectful of authority, robust in health, congenial in disposition, esteemed by his classmates and a good influence." His priestly and religious life confirmed this recommendation.

After first profession at the Toronto Novitiate on August 15th, 1943, he was appointed to St. Michael's College. A year at St. Thomas High School, Houston, interrupted his university course and it was not until 1948 that he obtained a B.A. from the University of Toronto.



He was ordained priest in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on June 29th, 1951, by Cardinal McGuigan and sang his First Mass in St. Vincent de Paul Church, Toronto. After ordination he attended summer courses at the Ontario College of Education, Toronto, and obtained a High School Teachers' Certificate, Type B. Last Spring he completed the requirements for a Type "A" Specialist Certificate in English.

Father Conway's priestly life was spent at St. Michael's College School, Toronto, with the exception of the year 1956-57 when he was stationed at St. Charles College in Sudbury. He was always actively associated with the athletic program of the schools he taught in. To quote again, the sports writers: "Father Bill, a big man, not only in stature, just a few weeks ago was the toast of the town, sharing with Father Dave Bauer the honours of writing new pages into the records of junior hockey when St. Michael's "Majors" won the Dominion title and Father's "Buzzers" took all-Ontario honours."

Father Conway's death on September the 7th, 1961, was preceded by two months of continual suffering which he accepted heroically. Holy Rosary Church was crowded to capacity, with many students standing in the aisles, to attend the Pontifical Requiem Mass celebrated by Most Reverend F.V. Allen, on Monday



morning, September 11th. In the front seats of the Church were a group of students, members of St. Michael's teams, who had been coached by Father Conway last season.

The sermon was delivered by Father David Bauer, C.S.B. In it he stated: "Let us not think of what he might have done had he lived. Each day he offered himself to God at Mass as each one of us should. Why quarrel with God if God decides to accept the gift of himself which he offered daily at Mass. Father Conway became a priest to communicate the new life of Christ to others. He communicated this life through the classroom, and through the athletic field, not by the grandiose things of this world. He so loved his priesthood, the boys, the Community."

Turning again to the sports writers, we read "Big-hearted, good-natured, cheery Father Bill was a great man. A GREAT MAN IS WHAT HE IS, BECAUSE HE WAS WHAT HE WAS ... Remember him in your prayers. R.I.P.

(Written by Father Albert Williams for use in connection with the obituary notice in the Basilian Annals 3 (1960-1966) 92. Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Father "Dan" Corrigan possessed a notably pleasant disposition — calm, even-tempered and cheerful. He was rarely "out-of-sorts". The inner serenity that was his was reflected on his countenance. It was an occasion calling for comment when this expression on his face was absent. Normally there was present his characteristic look of composure and cheerfulness.

And with this, there was his wit. He could find matter for droll observations, or wry comment, in the most commonplace happenings, or concerning quite ordinary situations and persons. His humorous observations on people and events, interpreted in a kindly light and delivered in an unhurried and measure manner, seemed to derive from his rural origin and upbringing on the farm at Uptergrove or Uxbridge. He liked to create the impression of being the country bumpkin, upon whom all manner of misadventures befell.

Dan Corrigan enjoyed a wide range of popularity among priests — both fellow Basilians and all others — and among all who were taught by him or made his acquaintance in any way. He was popular because of his cheerful disposition, and gentle humor and unfailing kindness.

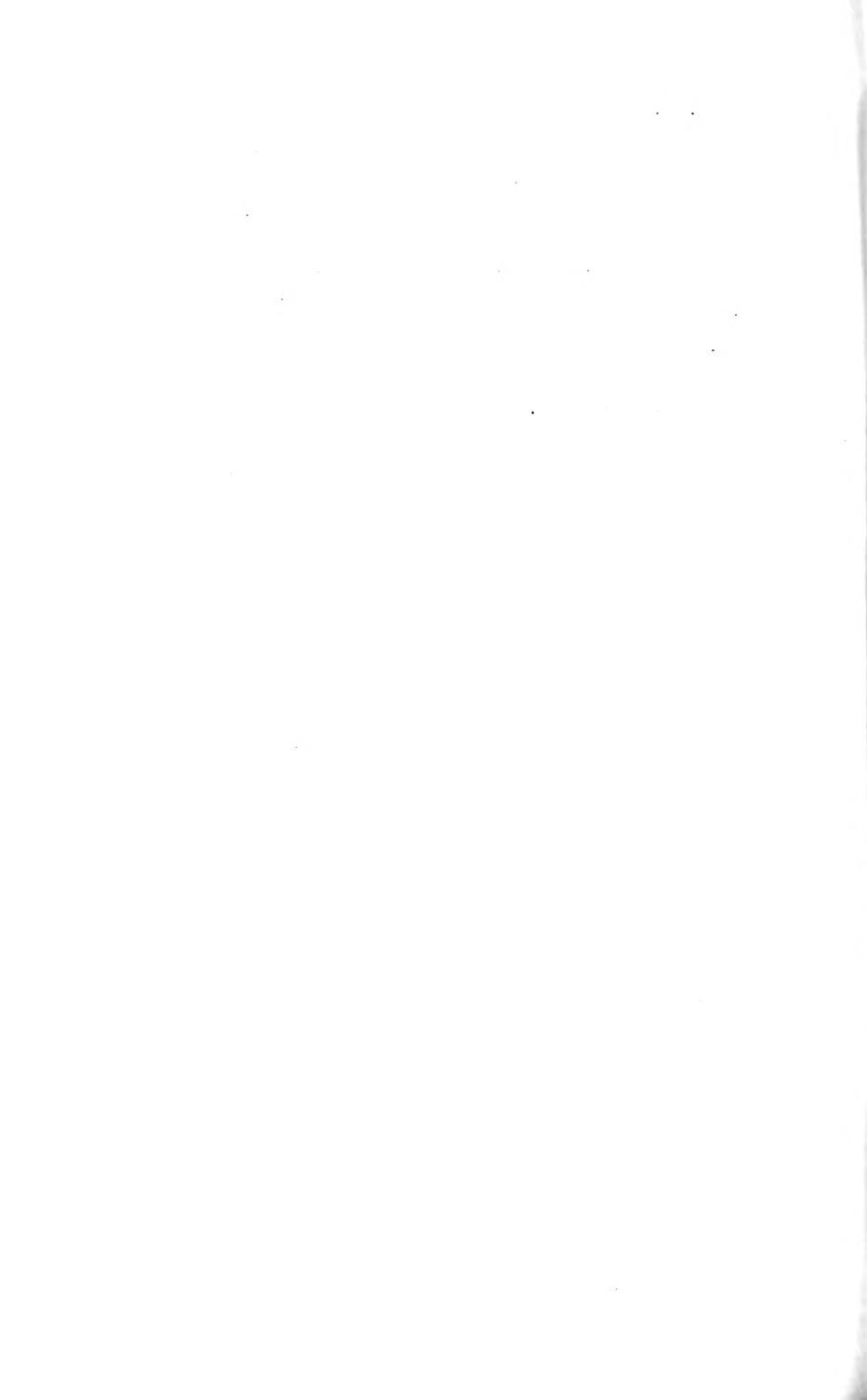
And his uncomplaining acceptance of his physical afflictions which set in and



Father "Dan" Corrigan, 1907-1962 86
by V.A. Thomson

never left him, added to the respect which his friends had for him, in the latter years when he was reduced to immobility, and, at times, almost complete physical helplessness.

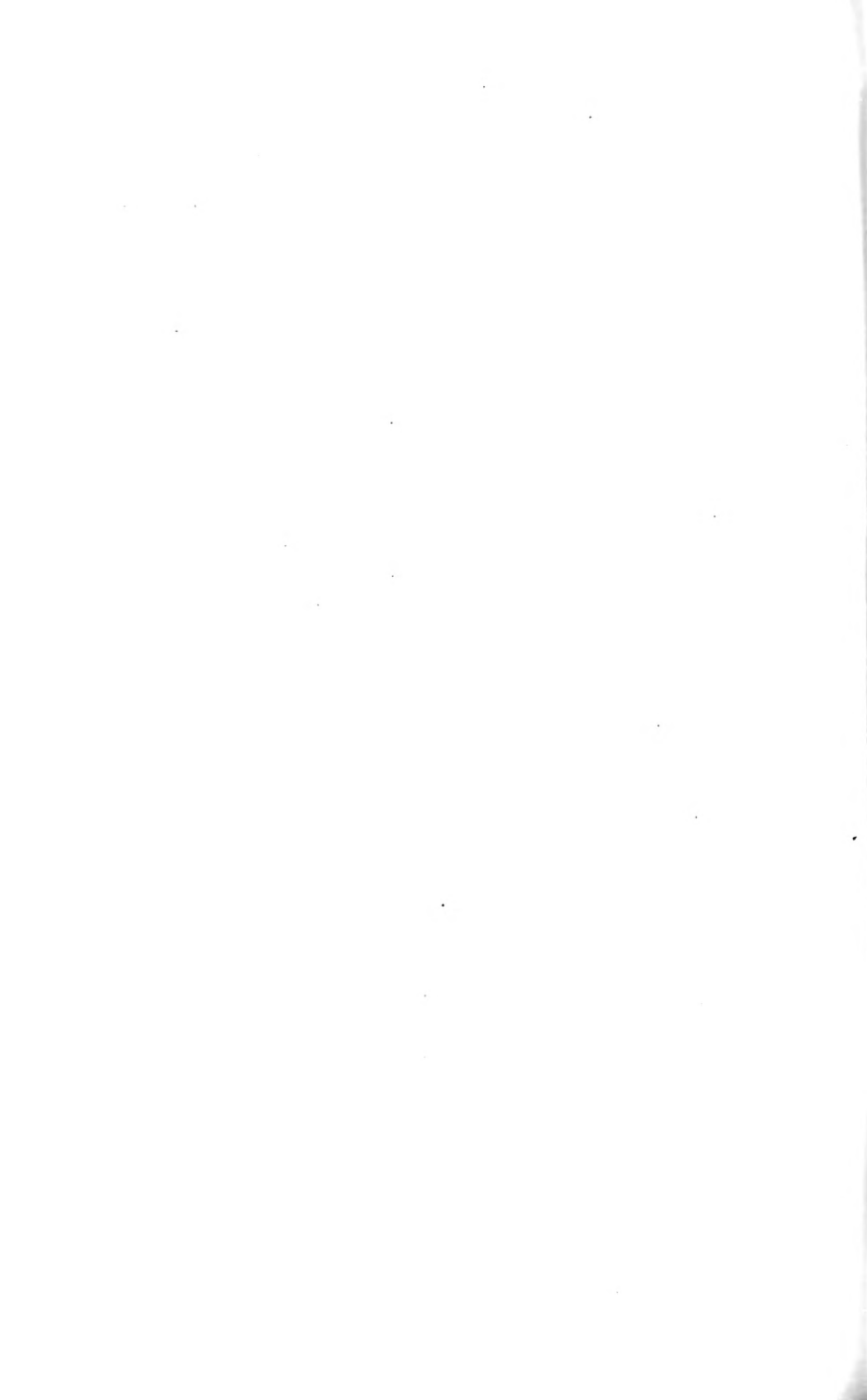
(Written in connection with the obituary notice in the Basilian Annals 3 (1960-1966) 161-162. Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



JOSEPH PATRICK DILLON, C.S.B.

During the Marian Year we often think of the marvelous life pattern which God planned for the Mother of His Son. What an inspiring blueprint for a life and how all Mary followed that plan with the help of His grace. Generations have called her blessed because He that is mighty hath done great things for her, because her life picture corresponded exactly with God's plan, because she was full of Grace, the one all fair in whom there was no spot. Ever since she lived upon the earth she has been helping her clients to build their lives according to the plan established by God. Father Dillon would tell you that Our Lady of Guadalupe labored with him in the building of his own personal life, that she was the patroness of his work and it was to her that he entrusted the unfinished work of his life amongst the Mexican people.

The broad outline of Father Dillon's life is very simple. There were those early years at home which influenced all the other years. His was a thoroughly Catholic home where he saw the virtues of the Christian life constantly lived and taught by the example of his parents and the older children. His father was convinced of the value of Catholic training and was willing to sacrifice to



furnish the best for his children. Joe was sent to St. Basil's College, Waco, where Providence arranged that he should meet the Basilian Fathers. The virtues which he learned during this time were strengthened with the passing of the years and the exercise of them made his life what we know it to be. No matter what he did he put all he had into it. Everything was accomplished with enthusiasm and with all the energy he possessed. At St. Michael's he played football, and whether in practice or in a game he would run faster and hit the line harder than his teammates. This characteristic determination and energy was manifested in every game and in every activity of school life.

Through the years of Novitiate and Seminary training the story was the same. In the Novitiate there was a rule to be kept — he kept it enthusiastically; there were exercises to be attended — he was always on hand; and when there were burdens to be carried — he accepted them patiently and generously. Then came those Seminary years and the study to be done. The story was the same. He never spared himself and always gave his best.

His priestly years were devoted to the duties of teacher and treasurer at St. Thomas High School, assistant at St. Anne's Parish, and those very significant



seventeen years spent on our Mexican Missions where he accomplished his really great work. As a teacher he was a boy's man who insisted on the work being done each day. Those parish years earned him his many friends. All who met him were won by his sincere and gentle manner, by his anxiety to do for them and to comfort them. Everyone who dealt with him went away feeling the change he made in them and with the conviction: there is a Christ-like priest — and something of that Christ-likeness was impressed upon their souls.

Then came those seventeen years on the Mexican Missions. Like St. Paul he threw himself with all his energy into the work. He made himself all things to all men that he might win all. He adopted their customs; their interests were his, he really became one of them. He visited them in their homes; the greater the poverty or squalor, the greater was his concern for them. He was never alarmed at their faults, he accepted the people for what they were and did his best to make them what God wanted them to be. He knew the Mexican temperament and knew how to deal with them. In all these dealings he was the essence of Christ-likeness, kindness. They couldn't help but love him who gave himself so unselfishly. Being Mexican in origin meant a special place in his



heart. He brought whole families back to the Church, baptized all the children, instructed them and thus won their confidence so that they came to him with all their problems. Too, he won their respect and their love. When it was a matter of building a church he was in their midst directing, helping, encouraging. It can be said that he changed the face of the earth in those parts. Others have entered into his labors and have done very much; but he gave the start, the spirit, his all, and for many years furnished the direction of our Mission activities. He loved the Christ in the Mexican soul and his zeal for their souls consumed him.

This missionary spirit became a real part of him. No matter to whom he talked his enthusiasm for the Missions overflowed into the conversation. He could scarcely sit down before a group of youngsters would gather round him and he lost no time in asking them their prayers, whether they had made their First Communion and whether they attended Mass regularly. Like the Hound of Heaven he sought their souls. It was pleasant to see the greeting they gave him when they met him on the street. When convalescing in Toronto after a serious illness they consoled him by their letters and when he died they couldn't bear to part with him and proved their love by staying up and praying



through the night in respectful vigil, and by journeying to St. Anne's in Houston that they might see the end.

Throughout many of these years there was the constant threat of poor health which became a very heavy cross. The way he bore that cross adds a glorious touch to his life. There were those ulcers which caused so much distress and which interfered and interrupted his work. There was that heart condition which prevented him doing all he would like to do and which forced him to spend long months in hospital beds and long periods of inactivity while convalescing. Through it all he would continually repeat: "God is good, God knows best." Then came the stroke, the partial paralysis and finally the malignancy which brought his death. Any of these illnesses would have caused an ordinary man to give up. He used them to prepare for another life. In his last illness he knew his condition and that his entrance into eternal life was quickly approaching. He doubled his efforts to prepare well and continually asked his friends to help him by their prayers. It was the religious that he was which enabled him to face that final illness so nobly. No one save himself and God knows how much he suffered but all who visited him were impressed by the way he bore his cross.



During these illnesses his missionary spirit frequently manifested itself. While in the hospital all who attended him, all who visited him came under his influence. He spoke so fervently and so convincingly of the Blessed Virgin that everyone who heard him felt the effects of his sincere and earnest spirituality and resolved to become devoted to the Blessed Virgin and to pray her Rosary. It was consoling to see how he impressed by his holiness the personnel of a hospital who were grateful for having met him and felt that he had left something of the Christ with them. He urged non-Catholics to be devoted to the Rosary and taught them how to say it. Mary, through her Rosary, finished the work by leading some of these souls into the Church. If the Christ in his heart impressed his neighbor so often, certainly he must have impressed his God who required so much suffering of him.

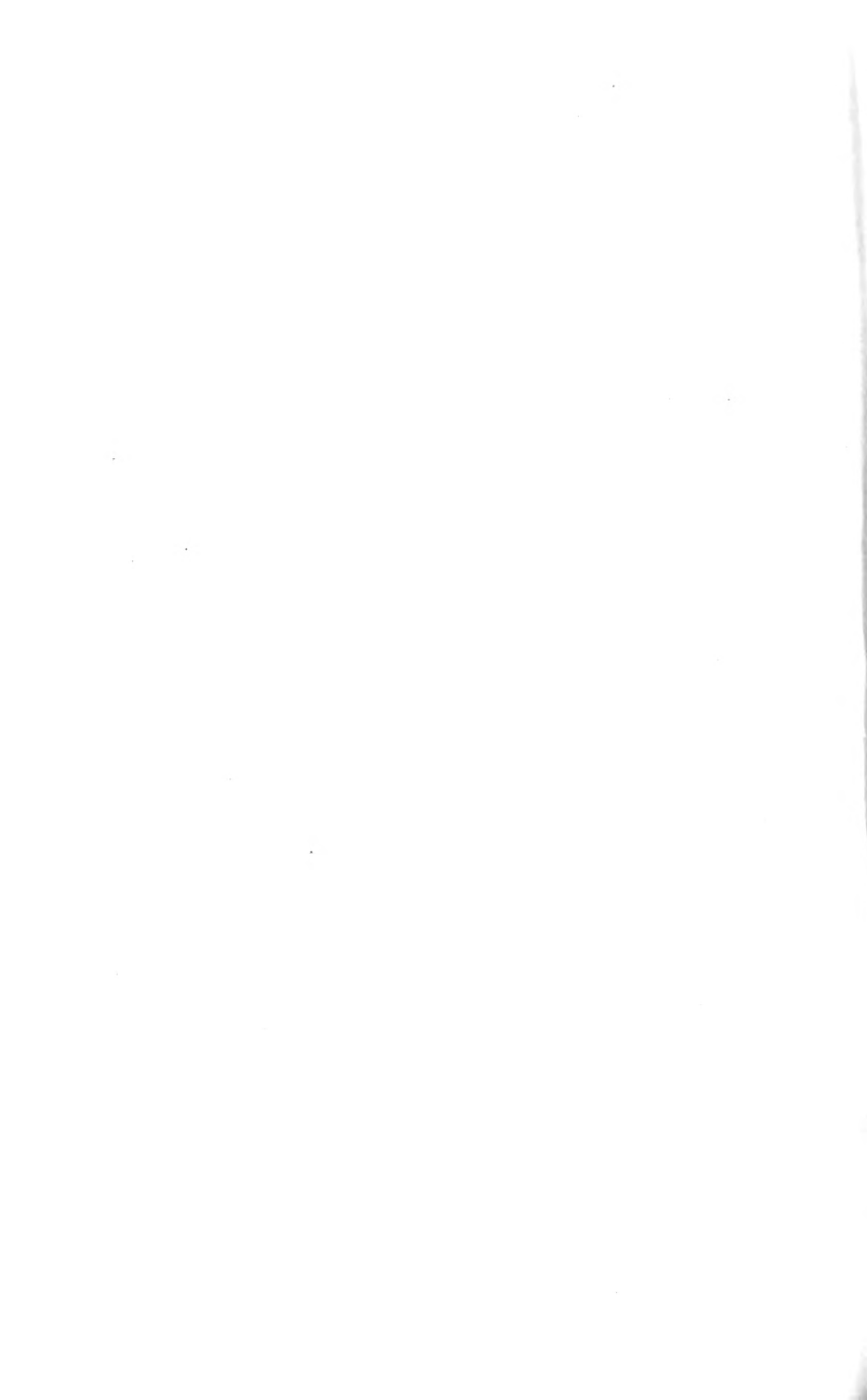
God planned for Father Dillon a life of hard work and a life of much suffering, a life without fanfare, lived for Him in the person of his poor. For the love of God he offered Holy Mass, administered the sacraments, taught in order to build Jesus Christ in the lives of men. It was a life of doing God's will in the little things of every day, in the acceptance of His will when it was hard. Everything was done in union



with Christ which means a life of prayer. With St. Paul he put on Christ, the gentleness, the kindness, the patience, the humility and meekness of Christ; virtues which made all who knew him admire and love him. All this is another way of saying that he was a good religious, an impressive example of how beautifully God works things out for us if we let Him and not get in His way. All this made him the kind of priest you like to know, the priest who exercises an influence by what he is. May his spirit and zeal as a priest and missionary set our hearts on fire for our own spiritual advantage and for that of the Church.

And now its October 27, 1953, the month of Our Lady of the Rosary. The building of Father Dillon's life is finished. How closely it resembles the plan God had sketched in the blueprint. Thanks to the God who planned it; thanks to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Guadalupe who nurtured it; thanks to the Congregation of St. Basil which trained him, helped him develop his talents, directed his life work upon which he left the stamp of his life and which perfected him and prepared him for the Kingdom of his Master.

A final word: the Dillon family gave our Basilian family two of its fine boys who became two of our exemplary priests. May God bless that family. To Father



Joe and to all of us who lived and worked with his brother, Father Dan, was an ideal whose memory we revere. To these two noble Basilian priests, the progress of our Congregation in the South and in the North owes a debt of gratitude. We must pay our debt by remembering them and their family when we pray for our confreres and friends.

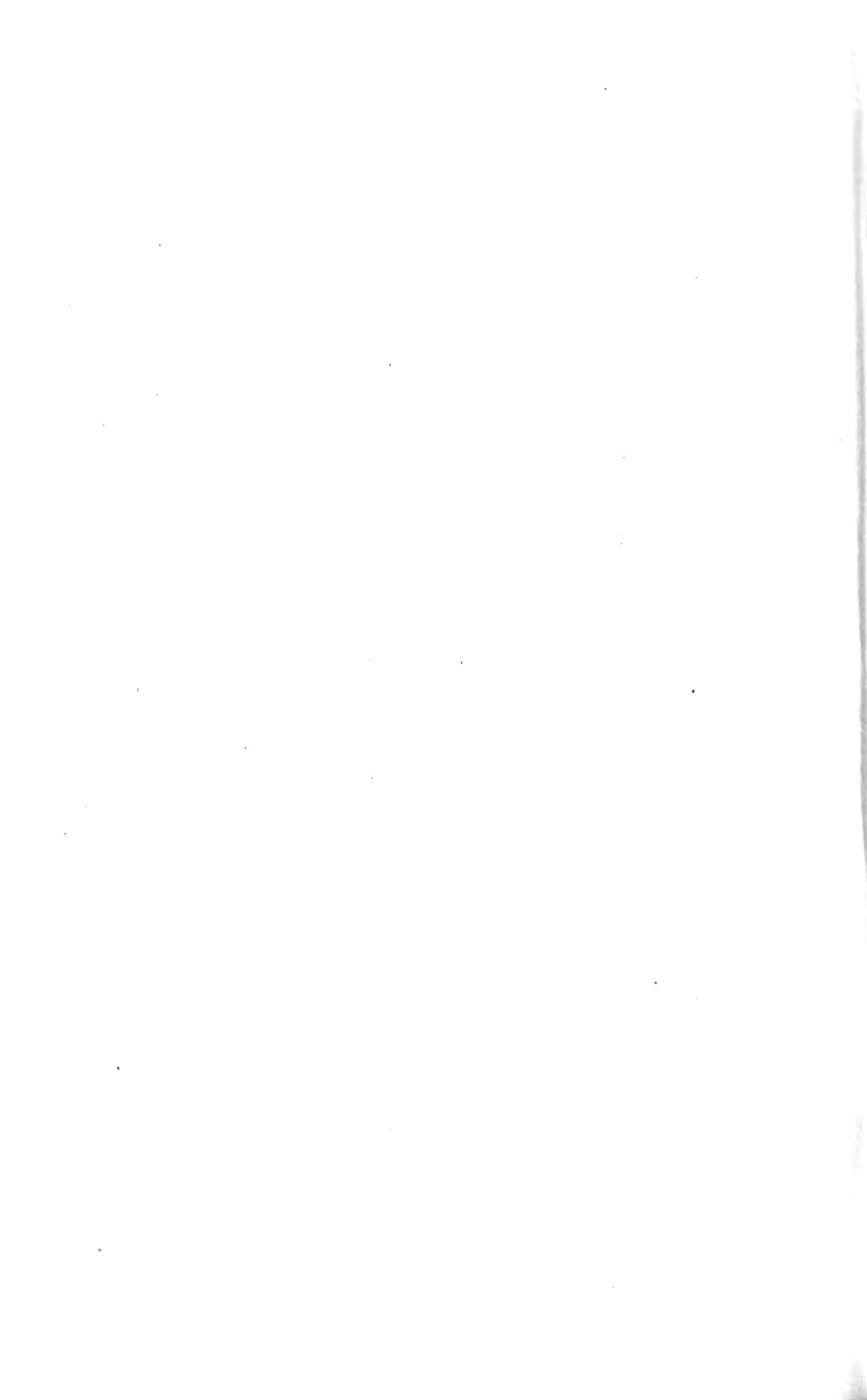
(Written in connection with the obituary notice in the Basilian Annals, 2 (1951-59) 151-152. Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



FATHER DOLAN

Father Dolan's death on January 28, 1948, was the second death among Basilians from the Province of New Brunswick, Father Harvey Wilbur having died just a few months previously. The Community suffered a great loss by his death. He was a man of work and a man of prayer. Moreover, joined to his capacity for work and his spirit of prayer was a character and personality altogether uncommon.

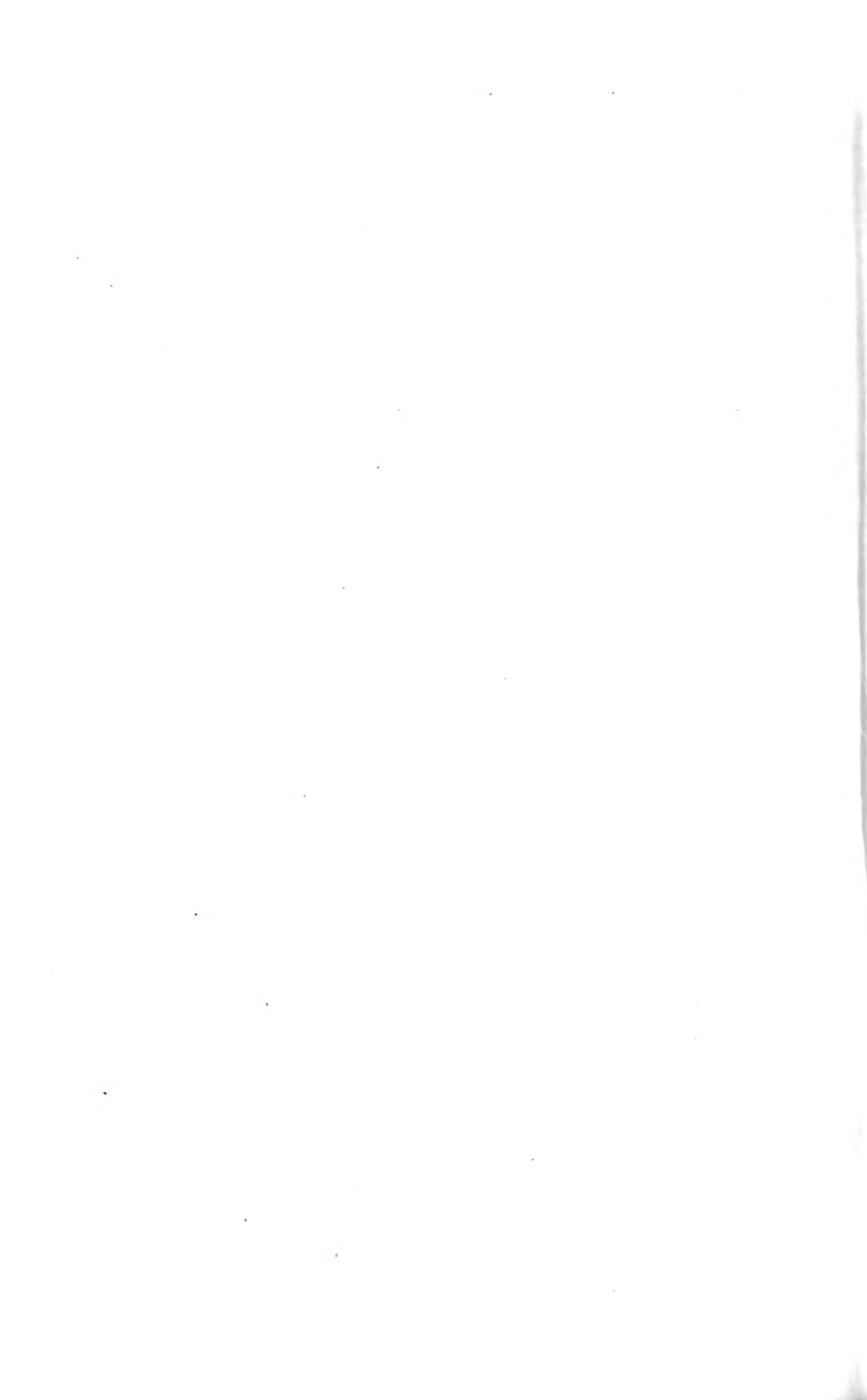
Father Dolan began his High School education at St. Thomas College High School in Chathan, N.B., in September 1914. It was while a student at St. Thomas that the qualities of his later life began to show themselves. He was an outstanding student, a leader among his classmates and in the whole school, and an enthusiastic lover of all sports. As in later years he had a great fondness for quoting poetry whether from the Readers of the lower grades which he called "Tom Cat" books or from Shakespeare. The following incident of his New Brunswick school days shows that his reputation for that fondness and that accomplishment was early established. Father Dolan was the goal-keeper for his class hockey team, and in a description of one of the games in which he took part the writer said that, "Shakespeare defended his citadel bravely and repulsed all the attacks of the enemy."



Father Dolan entered the Basilian Novitiate in August 1919 and made his first profession a year later. He received his B.A. degree from Assumption in 1924, and was ordained on December 21, 1927. Between that date and his death he was stationed at different times at St. Michael's, Toronto; Assumption, Windsor; St. Thomas in Houston, Texas; Aquinas Institute in Rochester,; and the Basilian Novitiate in Rochester.

Father Dolan left a profound impression on people wherever he was sent to do the work of his vocation, not only upon the students in the classroom, but upon those young Basilians whose spiritual director he was, and upon the public with whom he came into contact.

Father Dolan was a man of strong character and rigid principles. He was the Master in the classroom and always tried to instill in his pupils ideals which if followed would them exemplary Catholic gentlemen and good citizens. With him duty always came first; but there was also a lighter side to his character. He was noted for his jollity. He enjoyed life. He was not beyond trying to upset the mental equilibrium of his confreres if doing so would afford him pleasure. However this would always be done in a spirit of fun. There was no meanness of soul in such actions. He loved to argue for the sake of argument. In matters of small importance, as well as in



matters of considerable importance, he was ready to take either side.

In spite of his undoubted sincerity, one might be tempted sometime to doubt that sincerity. He always spoke disparagingly of athletics claiming that it was the mark of a true Philistine for a grown man to take part in recreations that were meant only for children. In spite of such a statement, it is a fact that he was very often a spectator at football, baseball or hockey games and even more he was an energetic player of such games as handball and table tennis. He justified his presence at games in which his school took part by saying that he had to show some school spirit. When asked why he attended games in which the school team took no part he always remained silent, or evaded the question in some way or other.

If he actually disparaged games, he seemed to love and value with all his might the bodily exercise that went with them. At least that was the reason he gave for his frequent and energetic participation in games. One might be forced to believe that he played games to win them; but he would be a brave man who would venture to express such an opinion. In Texas his principal exercise was playing handball. Day after day, under the broiling sun, when it was 100° or more in the sun, he played. In Toronto, during the last years of his life when handball became too strenuous for him, he



turned to table tennis. He developed remarkable skill in this game and became one of the best palyers among Basilians in Toronto. Whenever he was leading his opponent in any game he became very vociferous and took extreme delight in telling all within sound of his voice of the fact. He loved to tell of his victories but maintained a discreet silence about his defeats. It seemed almost impossible to escape the conclusion that he did play to win, at least sometimes, and not only for the exercise. Considering the very apparent efforts to win and the energy he displayed in all games in order to win one is forced to conclude that he got no exercise whatever in games lost.

It is not slander to say that there was something impish in him. He did and said things that disturbed people and put them on edge somewhat. Shortly before his death there was published in the Aquinas Institute school paper an interview under his name and his picture. In allowing this to be done he evidently discarded another of his principles; namely that one should never allow himself to be interviewed by the press or allow his picture to appear in the press. One of his confreres, on reading this, looked up from the paper and said, "What a pack of lies." One of the statements that drew forth this remark was that he got more pleasure in listening to Frank Sinatra sing than he got from listening to the light operas of Gilbert and Sul-



livan. He made this statement in spite of the fact that he would go to the ends of the earth to hear even a good recording of Gilbert and Sullivan. That statement is just one example of many similar statements contained in the interview.

His love of argument, his views on athletics, and his attitude towards the press; or rather his expressed views or attitude were some of the things that made his free time enjoyable for himself and for others too. They were indications of a character and personality that made him "Tim" Dolan and nobody else in the world.

(Life by an unidentified author, probably commissioned in connection with the obituary notice in The Basilian Annals 1 (1943-50) 19-8-200. Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Father "Tim" Dolan's wit and dynamic vitality in the classroom were ever-flowing fountains whence sprung 'sparkling gems of thought from golden veins of language'. Constantly he bade his students to clasp this particular bit of information to their hearts 'with hoops of steel'. Those who failed to heed his advice were 'gawms' or 'addled-headed fellows.'

Father "Tim" was not 'born in a teapot looking out the spout'. He understood boys because his wide reading had given him a good insight into human nature. His students will never forget the long donkey ears drawn by the dozens on themes to prove that said pupils were asses. 'Look at yourself and see yourself as others see you.'

How de'd roar and storm and fume when a low grade ore student referred to the poet William Wadsworth. Father Tim once started on a piece of poetry would never be halted in his tracks as he dramatized line after line, up until the bell sounded to save the students from further 'blasts'. In class he never suffered any interruption as he demanded full attention from everyone. He punctuated his lesson points with heavy, studied, labored inflections of the voice.

Here in Rochester he inveigled two property owners on Seneca Parkway to have



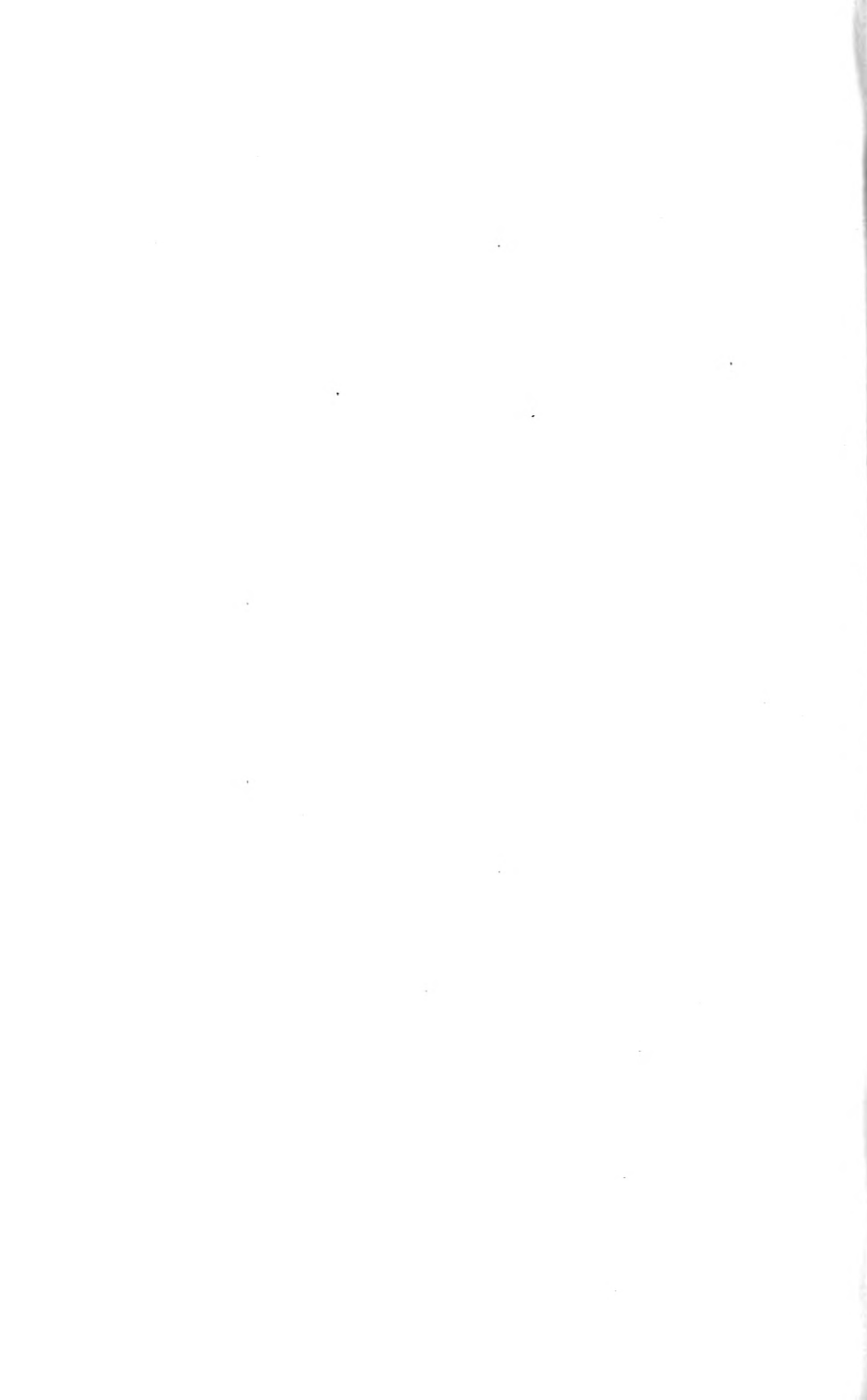
removed from their home premises all trees and shrubbery to let in God's panacea, the sunlight, and annihilate all the bog land. Father Tim's conception of an ideal house was a formidable brick structure built in the middle of a field and all open to the sky. Incidentally one of those two men died six months later.

One of his greatest joys in life was to preach and for that work he often said he expected no reward because he liked the pulpit too much. The test of a good sermon was gauged by the number of tears shed by his listeners.

A straw hat worn by a cleric was always indicative that its owner was definitely not a religious with a vow of poverty because our clime enjoys 'but two short weeks a year of summer weather.' He was everpartial to the long, heavy underwear and woolen socks for fifty-two weeks a year.

Stained glass windows are taboo since they fail absolutely to perform the function of a window. 'The very *raison d'être* of any window ought to be to let in light.'

At a theatrical production, whenever the humor began to roll from the stage or screen, Father Tim rolled and howled with it so that his infectious laugh



could be heard at long range. One night at the auditorium, he was so anxious to take his seat for the production "Blossom Time" that he handed the usherette his hat check. Incidentally, Tim always sat on the edge of the seat when his interest was aroused. But many times too, if the offering was dull, he would resign himself and sleep throughout the performance.

His perennial favorites were the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas that were so all absorbing because 'they combined the ludicrous words with the sublime music.' He knew the definition of humor and so could detect it at every turn; and how he revelled as he pointed it out to others.

One of his intense joys of life was to put on a 'jumper' and 'gum shoes' and go out in the frosty air for a long brisk walk. On such escapades Basilians came in for some sharp criticisms for not believing in education. 'The tragedy is we're not educators', he often lamented.

He would never miss any amateur play or musical performance, but he always wanted it understood that he was attending 'under protest.'

Any angry, wrathful mother objecting to a teacher or the school's policies was 'the witch of Endor'. Any woman, regard-



less of age was always 'the old lady'.

He had no use for the modern concepts of coaching in athletics. Tim was firmly convinced that the sole purpose of a coach ought to be merely to supply the boys with the required ammunition. 'Explain the purpose of the game and just stand back and don't interfere with the boys' pleasure.'

He loathed convents because too much lemonade, ginger ale and cake were served to the Fathers who acted as chaplains or confessors.

'My greatest joy and satisfaction in life is hearing confessions.'

Having been placed in charge of the farm here at the Novitiate, Tim's sole effort was to order two books that were never even read. His interest in farming dropped as fast as he discarded the books.

He was a stickler for pronunciation as he constantly consulted Noah Webster as the ultimate authority for disputed words. Every athletic contest was a 'match'.

Father Tim Dolan as coach: 'Get the ball (puck) into the hoop (twine).' Never could see why not just let the 'lads play the game their own way.'



Father Tim Dolan as educator: "Not every lad here is a wag; but erit stridor gentium apud Kelly this night — unless the assignment is finished."

He combined the dogmatism of Father Nicholas Roche with the cynicism of Father Edward Tighe.

Father Tim Dolan as observer: 'Look at all the rolling stock entering and exiting on the driveway to our house as people come to receive ghostly advice and consolation from the various fathers'.

Irate mother to Father Dolan: "Why can't you straighten out my boy?" Father Dolan: "My God woman, you received the sacramental grace in matrimony. I didn't."

Father Tim was positively afraid whenever he rode in an automobile. Poised on the edge of the seat, he would warn the driver of a very remote but possible collision three hundred yards away. Tim always rode the 'trams' because they were built for safety.

He was gifted somewhat as a mimicker but never disparaged anyone except in jest. Father Austin O'Brien will recall Tim's glee as he asked about the 'clinic' which was the Student Counselor's office.

He enver had any use for ice cream, pop, cake, fresh fruit, all of which he referred to as 'swill'. Tim favored only



the solid substantial food always.

(Collected at the time of his death in connection with the obituary notice in the Basilian Annals 1 (1943-50) 198-200. Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



FATHER DAVID LEVACK

Very few confreres who came in contact with Father Levack can ever forget his puckish sense of humor. His rare ability to explore the foibles of his confreres, to keep them, as it were, off balance, was enjoyed by many even the victims themselves. In the Novitiate, the Seminary, the schools, Father Levack was a constant source of enjoyment for his confreres.

It would be unjust, however, to overlook the fact that beneath this delightful facet of his character, there dwelt an uncommon generosity and goodness. Students and confreres alike can attest to his selflessness and abundant giving of time and talents. In the classroom his teaching ability, spiced with wit and harmless fun, was appreciated by his students and admired by his confreres. His keen wit was mollified by kindness; and his goodness was veiled by humility. Those who knew him well could not but admit that he was actually brilliant. In his humility he strove to keep his talents hidden.

That he was beloved by God is amply proved by his death. Even in his final sickness he was compassionate, understanding, kind. Was it not fitting that God should bless him with a beautiful death we all would envy? If he possessed



any weakness, his dying with a priest at his side was mute testimony that God dearly loves a generous soul.

David Alfred Levack was the only son of Victor Levack and Elizabeth Verville. He was born in Riverside, Ontario, and attended St. Rose Separate School there. He took his high school at the University of Ottawa High School and then went directly to St. Basil's Novitiate. After profession he was appointed to Assumption College where he obtained a B.A. degree from the University of Western Ontario in 1945. A year of teaching at St. Michael's College School followed and then a year of study at the Ontario College of Education. He was ordained on June 29, 1950.

Father Levack's priestly life was spent teaching French and Spanish at Assumption High School (1951-54); St. Michael's College School (1954-57); and St. Mary's College, Sault Ste. Marie (1957-59). He spent the last eight months of his life at St. Charles College in Sudbury. He died there, June 5, 1960. R.I.P.

(Written in connection with the obituary notice in the Basilian Annals 3 (1960-1966) 20. Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



Father John McLaughlin, 1916-1954 108
by Cyril F. Carter

FATHER JOHN McLUAGHLIN
1916-1954

John Redmond McLaughlin, son of John H. McLaughlin and Ann Wheeler, was born at Northfield, Ontario, on November 13, 1916. St. Andrew's High School was the scene of his secondary education, 1930 to 1935. He was professed at the Holy Rosary Novitiate on September 12, 1936. From the Novitiate he went to St. Michael's College where he obtained a B.A. from the University of Toronto in 1940. During the summers of 1944 and 1945 he attended the Ontario College of Education, Toronto, obtaining a High School Assistant's Certificate. He was ordained in St. Basil's Church on August 15, 1945, by Cardinal McGuigan. After ordination he taught at Aquinas Institute from September 1946 to August 1953. He was stricken with a severe thrombosis, complicated by pneumonia, and died within a couple of hours in Mt. Carmel Hospital, Detroit, on December 20, 1954.

Father McLaughlin always wanted to be a champion. He had a burning desire to be the best. That is understandable because of his size. Being small of stature he had the impression that people would ignore him or even ridicule his talents. In the classroom he knew that in order to keep good discipline, he must never let down. He tried to teach his classes better than any other teacher. He learned every trick of the teach-

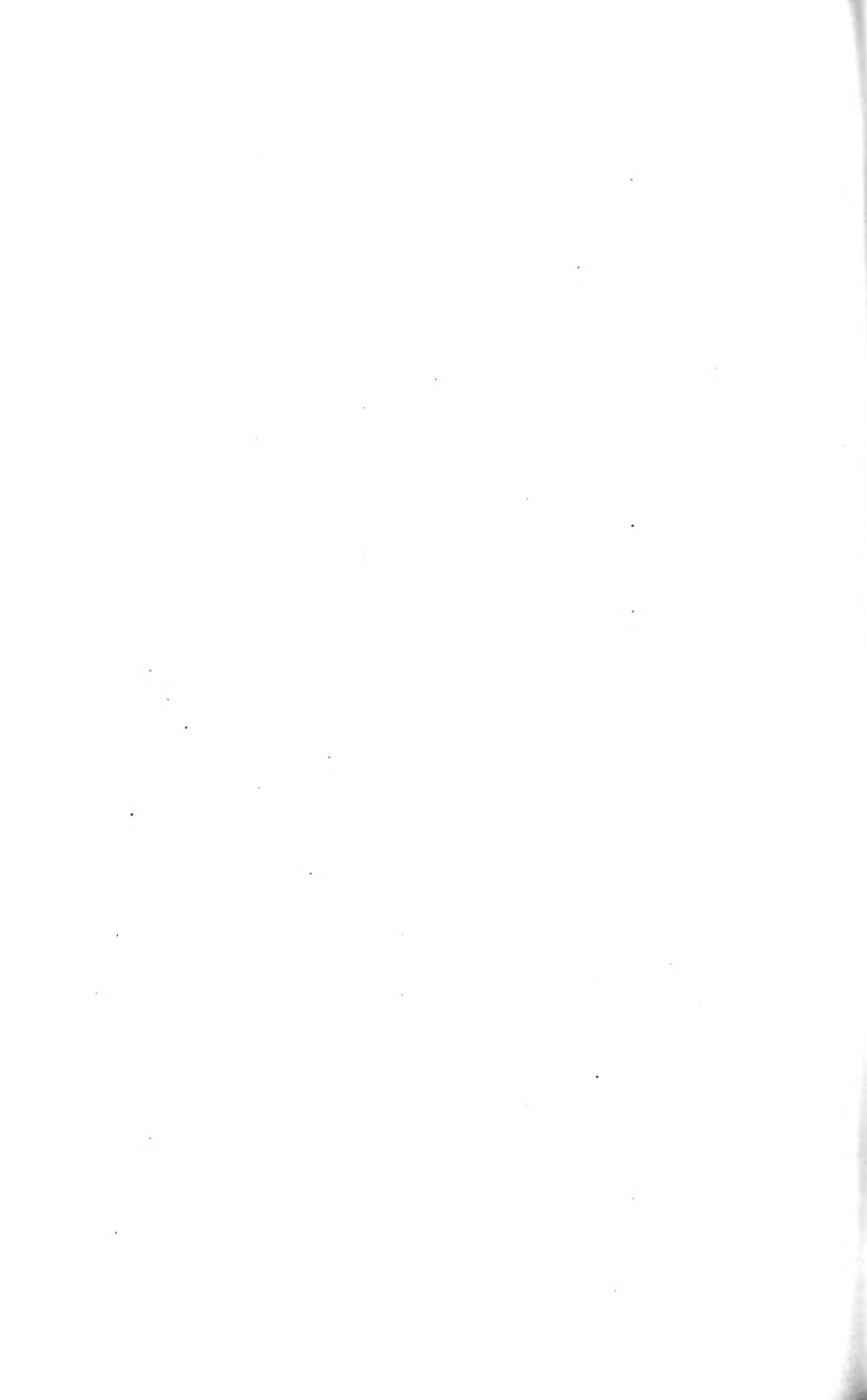


ing game. He sought out the advice of older men. He was constantly looking for a new twist to help students learn his subject.

In athletics he had the knack of instilling respect. There never was dissension on any of his teams. He was the boss and the players knew it. He took every game to bed with him at night. He seldom missed a practice even though his health was bad, and it was bad most of the time. He couldn't stand the athlete that looked for excuses. He despised the boy that didn't shake off minor injuries.

It was a pleasure to live with John. He had his good days and his bad ones. Sometimes he couldn't or wouldn't eat. Oftentimes he would ignore you. His whole life was filled with sickness, and his emotions were governed by his health. When he should have been in bed, he took his place in the classroom. He always tried to play down his sicknesses and he had plenty of them, such as eczema, asthma, fluid on the lungs, dislocated vertebrae in his back, and a bad heart.

The influence that John had on boys was tremendous. He was always a wonderful priest to them. His students came back year after year with their troubles. They knew he would have the saintly solution. How many boys have entered this Congregation through his efforts, non one will ever know. Many of our present seminarians will recall his great



Father John McLaughlin, 1916-1954 110
by Cyril F. Carter

priestly work in the classroom.

Father McLaughlin was a holy priest. He offered up all his sufferings cheerfully. He laughed at anyone who accused him of being sick. He tried to be the best priest God ever called. He never once missed his office, even though he was dispensed by superiors and doctors. He studied the actions of the Mass diligently, always striving to carry out the ceremonies perfectly, because he always feared that the people might look at his size rather than his piety. He kept the rule to the best of his ability.

No one ever tried to be a better community man. He loved to be a Basilian. He fought for its principles, its subjects and its motto. There never was a selfish bone in his body. Many times he sacrificed personal advantages for the good of the Order. Most of his worries were of a community nature. He gave up his life to the Basilians and his heart was full of Basilian worries.

Shorty lived and died a champio. His teaching, coaching, preaching, etc. were done in a saintly manner. After all the greatest championship is to become a saint.

(Written in connection with his obituary notice in The Basilian Annals 2 (1951-1959) 226-227. Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



Joseph L. Willett, 1911-1958
by Eugene Burbott and
Francis L. Murphy

111

FATHER JOSEPH L. WILLETT, 1911 - 1958

New Year's Day of the year 1958 dawned and progressed on much the same lines as most of its predecessors in the Basilian Residence at St. Thomas High School, Houston. The early morning hours were disturbed by the hustling and clatter of the confreres preparing for the last minute dash for "Sunday work." Father Willett, plagued by indifferent health due to a heart ailment, was, of course, not on the "List". We knew though that when most of us straggled back shortly after noon, that Joe would be holding down his favorite chair in the community room watching the telecast of the Cotton Bowl Game.

All went pretty well according to schedule, until about three o'clock. Around that time Father Willett complained of a chill and decided to go to his room. Father Burbott fixed him up with a couple of extra blankets and promised to bring him some hot soup in about an hour's time, after Joe had had a little sleep. Shortly after four Father Burbott called us from the community room saying, "I think Father Willett has just died."

Going back forty-seven years and a few thousand miles, we find that Joe first



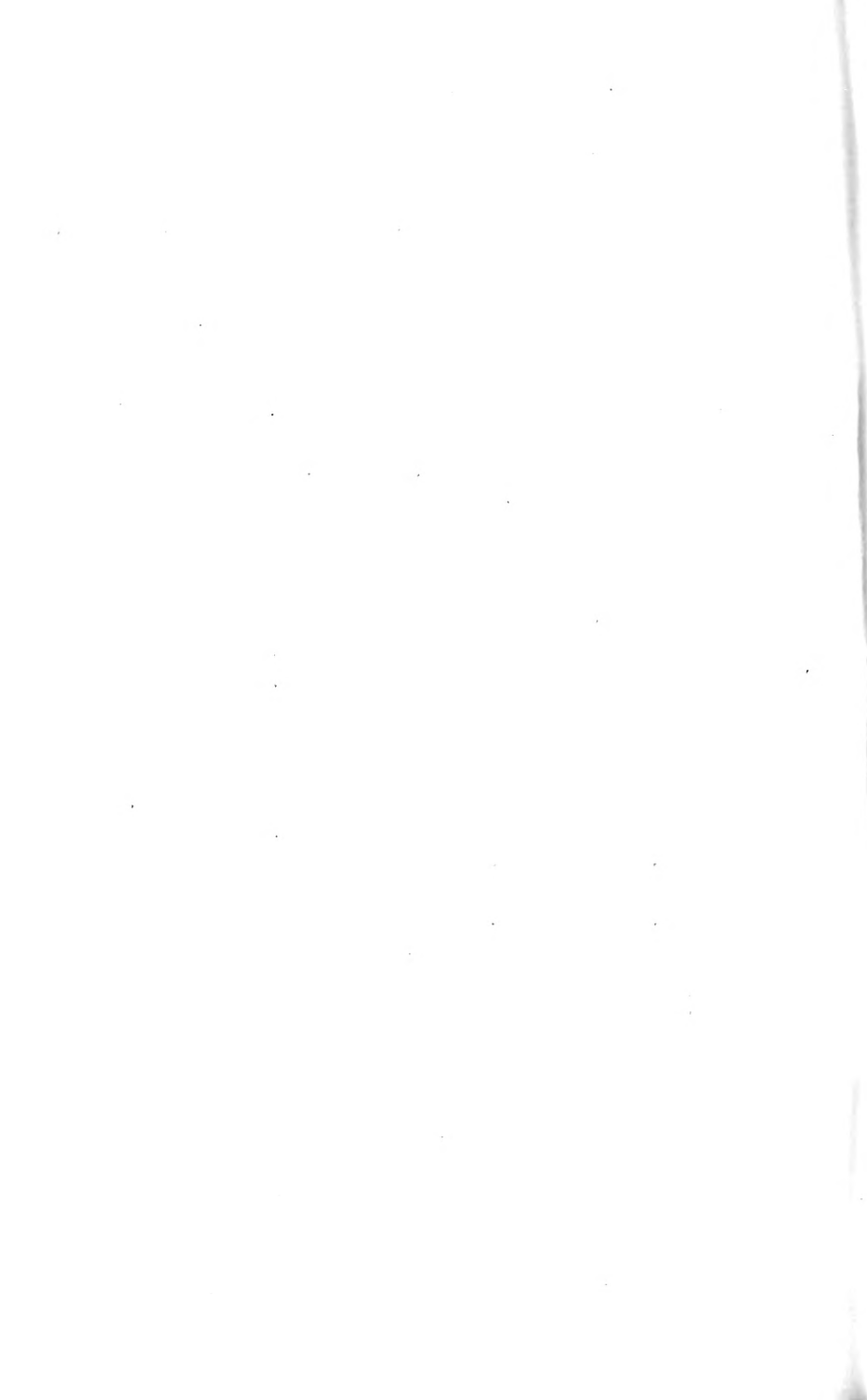
Joseph L. Willett, 1911-1958
by Eugene Burbott and
Francis L. Murphy

112

saw the light of day, November 19, 1911, at Ruby Lake, Manitoba, a mission served from Hudson's Bay Junction, Saskatchewan, in the Diocese of Prince Albert. During the First World War his parents returned to New Brunswick and he was educated at St. Thomas College, Chatham. He entered the Novitiate at Toronto and was professed on August 15, 1930. In 1934 he obtained his B.A. in Honors Philosophy from the University of Toronto and a year later a High School Teachers' Certificate from the Ontario College of Education. Cardinal McGuigan raised him to the priesthood in St. Basil's Church on December 17, 1938.

Father Willett's priestly life was devoted to teaching. He was stationed at Aquinas Institute from 1939-1954. From Rochester he went to St. Thomas High School, Houston, for two years and then was transferred to Assumption High School, Windsor. During the summer he suffered a heart attack which kept him out of the classroom for much of the year. In September of 1957 he returned to St. Thomas High School.

Father Willett, blest as he was with the body of an athlete, at least in his younger days, took keen enjoyment in various forms of recreation. Along with football and baseball and swimming, Joe perhaps excelled most in skating and



hockey. As a scholastic some of Joe's happiest and carefree hours were spent on the little rink bordering Inkerman Alley or on the larger surface on the campus of old St. Michael's.

As a priest that big six foot-three body of his began to break down and though suffering from many ailments at different times, necessitating sojourns both short and long in various hospitals, he never did lose that competitive spirit, and the will to do things as well or better than the next one.

During World War II, of 1939-1946, while at Aquinas, he qualified for a private pilot's flying license and to his classes in mathematics and physics added courses in aviation. Joe always maintained that flying just below the clouds in a little ship all by oneself was the most relaxing thing in the world. However, it can be truthfully said that the relaxing part did not apply to the several confreres he took up at different times. Joe, himself would admit that it wasn't too relaxing the afternoon he got a bit confused in his directions and found himself over Sodus Point with only a half hour's supply of gas left in which to make the airport some many miles away.

One of the fondest recollections we have of Father Willett was the obvious enjoyment he received from winning an argument when several were arrayed against him. To see him chuckling to himself and wagging his head as he trudged off to his room, victorius, was almost worth the defeat. Not that he always emerged the victor by any means, but like his friend in the poem, "even though vanquished, he could argue still" and certainly at times his "head was bloody but unbowed."

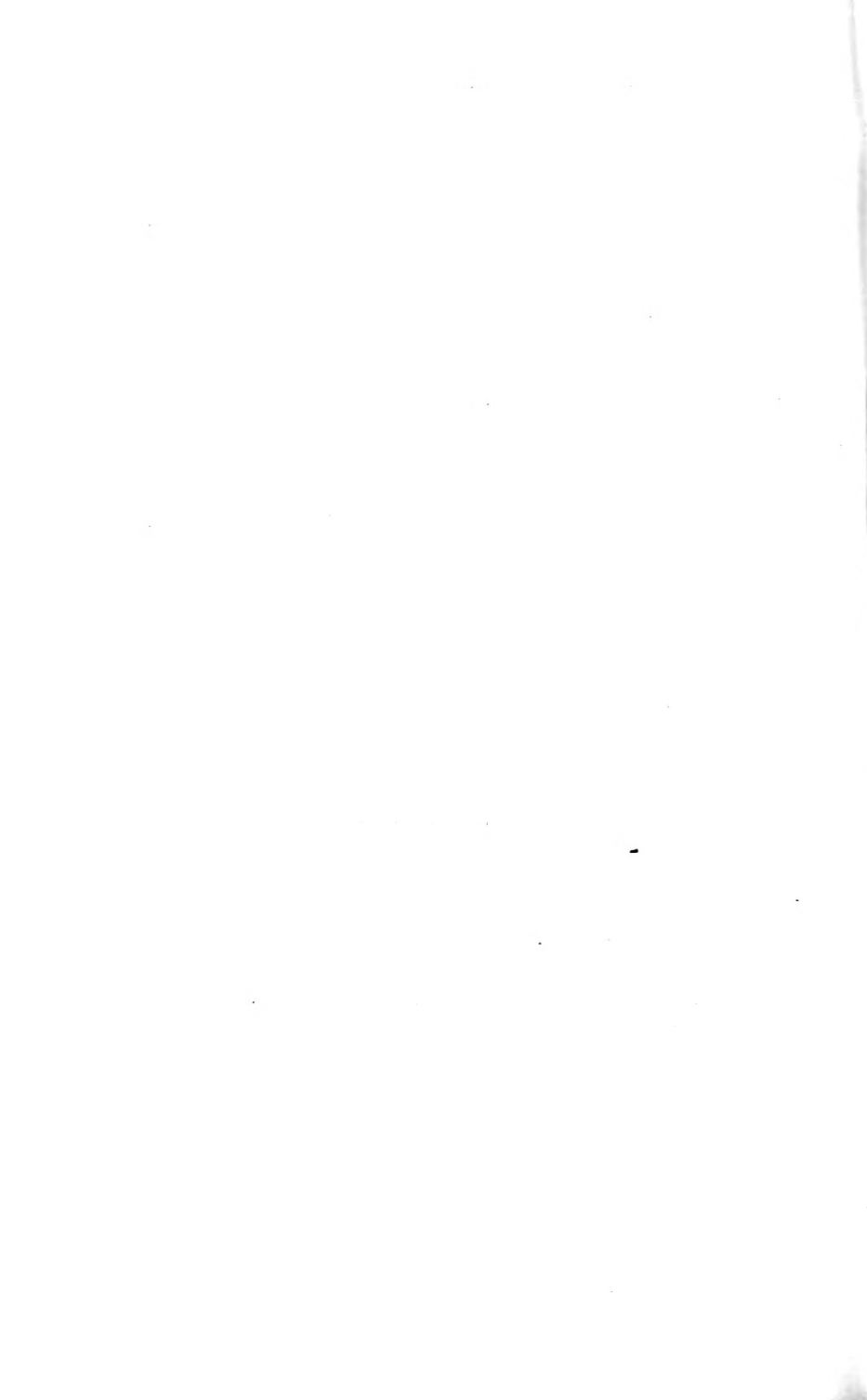
Not a man to make friends quickly and one who was inclined to keep his own counsel, nevertheless, Joe, throughout the years won for himself a host of friends who saw and recognized the real worth of the man behind the shy and somewhat stern exterior. With the students it was much the same. At first they sometimes found him not too easy to predict, but generally as the year drew to a close their comments were "a good guy" and "a good teacher".

During the last few years of his life Joe took up the game of golf and his competitive spirit once more asserted itself. Always trying to do better, he happily announced just five days before his death that he had had the best round of his life. That was the last

game he ever played and on that day, apropos of nothing, he remarked as he and his confreres were walking down the fairway, "You know it is funny to think that a fellow can be walking around here with a ticker like mine today and be dead the next."

From a remark like this and statements made on two or three other occasions the last month of so before he died, we can safely assume that Joe felt the end was not too far away. It was not too long coming and it certainly found him ready, for despite pain and weakness obvious to Father Wilfrid Murphy, his server, he managed to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the last day of his life. He had fought the good fight and given his best. The rest was in the hands of God. R.I.P.

(Written in connection with his obituary notice in the Basilian Annals 2 (1951-1959) 350-351. Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



October 1934. It was quite dark when we (Father Vernon Kennedy and I) arrived in the city of Montreal. At the request of our confrere, Mr. Frank Mallon, C.S.B., of Toronto, his cousin Mr. Scully, an employee of the Canadian Pacific Railway was at the station to meet us. This was indeed a pleasant surprise for us for it was more than we expected. Father Kennedy immediately called an aunt of his who lives in the city. While he was putting in his call, and Mr. Scully and I stood outside, there was a sudden burst of martial music, the strains of "O Canada" reverberated through the interior of the huge station. This was followed by Col. Bogey's March, and finally by "God Save the King". The band was not out to greet us on our arrival from Toronto but was there to meet Prime Minister Bennett on his return from a sojourn in Europe. When Father Kennedy had completed his call we left the station with Mr. Scully and he led us to his car. There we met his lady friend, a Miss Whelan, who had been waiting outside. He drove us down to the dock and we boarded the "Montrose". It was not very imposing in appearance and I felt inclined to doubt its seaworthiness. It seemed so small in comparison with my conception of an ocean liner. The Purser took our tickets and gave us a form to fill out. We then followed a

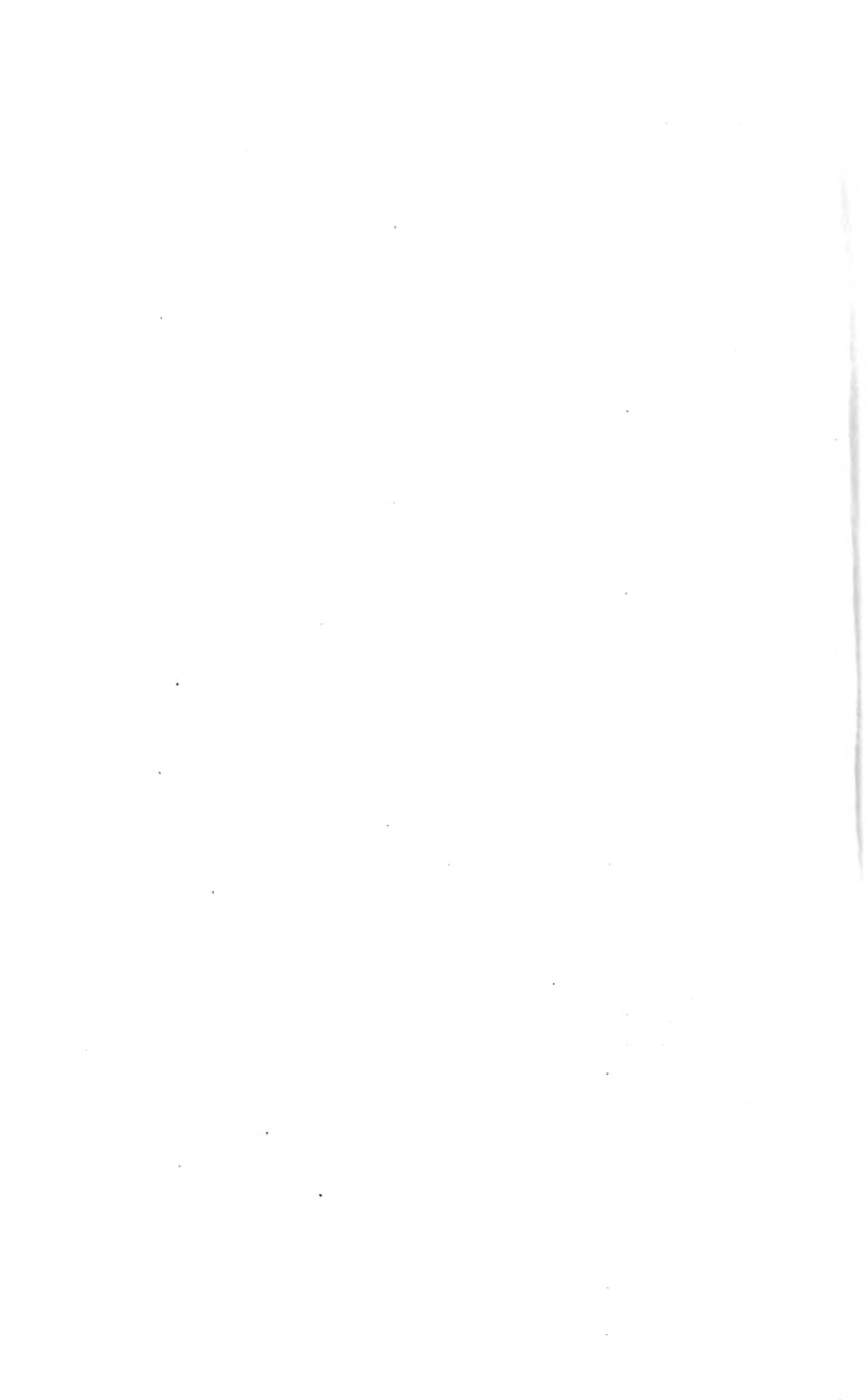
steward to our state-room. We found it quite spacious and bright. It was situated about midway between the ship's bow and stern. It was an outside cabin, that is it contained a porthole which opened the room to the fresh sea air outside. We were informed by the steward that we could not be provided with an altar on board ship the following morning but that we might say Mass there every other morning thereafter. Breakfast was to be served at 8:00 a.m. We walked up on the deck and took a look around to see what we could see. It was a very dark night as I remember it, and the water was very murky looking. Looking down from the A deck to the surface of the water we saw that our steamer was not so small as she appeared to be from the dock. The pier is very high, thus covering a great portion of the ship's hull.

As we looked at that pier so dark and dreary I could easily see how our beloved Father Frank Forster lost his footing and fell into the river never to be seen alive again. The place seemed quite well suited for the enactment of such an event. One might easily fall into the water there and never be heard by man, however much splashing and shouting might be done. R.I.P.

We arose about seven and made our way to Notre Dame where Mass was being

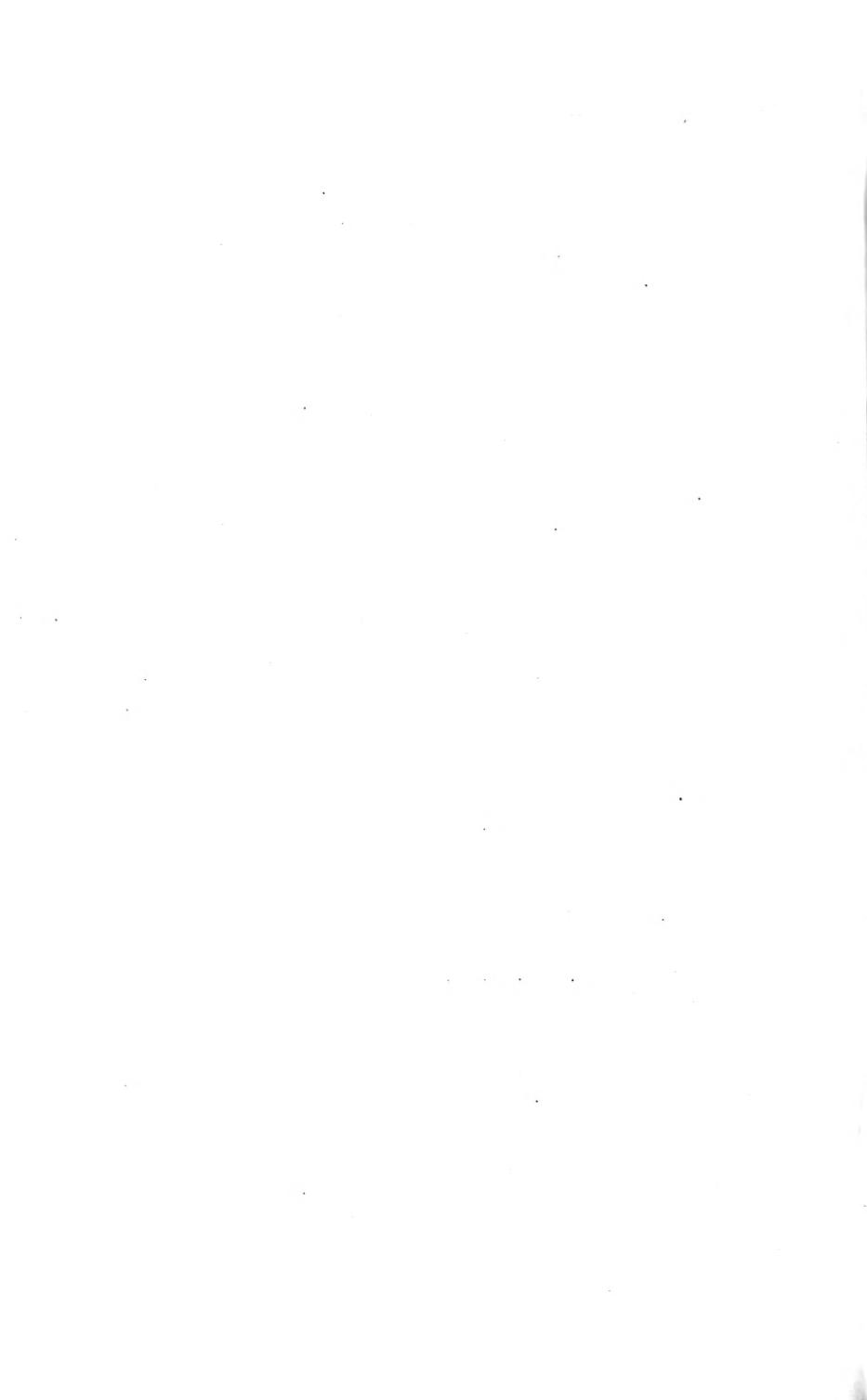
celebrated. It is a grand old church and beautiful too, although I do not recall any details of its structure. We also paid a short visit to St. James Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's in Rome but on a much smaller scale. On our way back to the ship Father Kennedy purchased a pair of bedroom slippers. We reached the boat about 8:00 o'clock sharp and were told that a bugle would sound to warn us of breakfast time. We waited and waited but heard no bugle. Finally after 10 or 15 minutes we thought there must be something wrong. We ambled out and after making inquiry we found that breakfast was already being served. We had been misinformed. We hustled down and were seated at a table. The menu was immense to say the least but I recalled what Doctor Dillon had said about going light the first few days so I merely ordered rolls and coffee. After breakfast we went up on the deck to see the take off. There was quite a crowd gathered on the deck, most of them holding streamers which they had thrown to their relatives or friends who stood there on the pier. We looked the crowd over but did not recognize a single face. There was one priest among those who stood on the deck. He kept his eyes fixed on the delegation of 35 friends, relatives and benefactors who were there to see him off. At the front of the ship there much singing and cheering as well as intermittent applause.

We concluded that it must be a football team going to Europe. But we learned later that it was a delegation of 50 Communists on their way to Russia to find out what was what over there. At 9:15 the whistle gave a prolonged blast and we knew it was about the time of parting. Soon the slender threads which tethered the parting ones together were snapped asunder and we were on our way to the Old World. Vernon and I paced around the deck and watched the tugboats as they towed us out of the harbour. One was pulling at the bow and another at the stern. We ambled back to the port side and watched the crowd still waving from the pier. We thought the time opportune to open a conversation with Father Vanier who was the young priest mentioned before. He had been having quite a struggle to keep back the tears as he left his parents for they, said he, were convinced that they would never see him again. He was on his way to Africa where he was to take up his duties as a missionary among the negroes. He belonged to the Company of Mary, now known as the Monfortin Fathers, founded by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. By this time we were out in the great 'Father of Waters' and were sailing under our own power. The day was clear and the air was frosty, but none the less delightful.



The voyage through the St. Lawrence that day was most interesting. We were in high spirits, thrilled through and through. We walked around the deck and talked much that morning. Father Vanier who was somewhat familiar with the country was able to point out many interesting things along the shore. There were old grist mills, lighthouses and countless church spires fringing the shoreline. I spent a good part of the afternoon writing. I wrote to the folks at home bidding them farewell and I was struck with the thought of writing to my dear old grandmother, to whom I had never written a line previously during my whole life. And well I did this, for the first night I spent in Paris, she passed peacefully away fortified with the consolation of our Holy Religion. I am glad to know that my letter was not too late. I told her that I would always remember her in my Mass and apparently it was a great comfort to her. For I am told that she had them read it to her over and over again. Deo Gratias. R.I.P.

We found life on the steamer Montrose very enjoyable, in fact I think a bit too enjoyable. I remember of remarking to Vernon that we would have to do a lot of penance to make up for the luxurious trip we were making. The meals left nothing to be desired but I frequently ate without relish especially



when we were on the high seas. I usually partook quite sparingly, remembering that over-eating or even eating to satiety besides being vicious, promoted sea-sickness.

The library steward notified us that we might say Mass each morning at a portable altar in the library. I was thus able to offer the Holy Sacrifice each day of our voyage save one when it was too rough on sea and the ship was badly rolling. The following day was a little better and were able to say Mass again.

The day before landing at Havre, or rather that very day, we witnessed an interesting spectacle, that of hundreds of porpoises breaking water and shooting through the air sometimes just across our bow. They were first sighted by a man with whom I was talking out on the deck. He called them porpoises. Another thought they were tuna fish, but one of the deck hands said they were porpoises. This was the most spectacular event we had witnessed since leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence where we saw the jumping whales. We disembarked at Havre about 6:00 p.m. afterpassing the Ausonia the day before. This boat had left Montreal 24 hours ahead of us. But we made very good time in most pleasant weather. We took a train to Paris where our confreres met us and treated us royally for the two days we spent there.



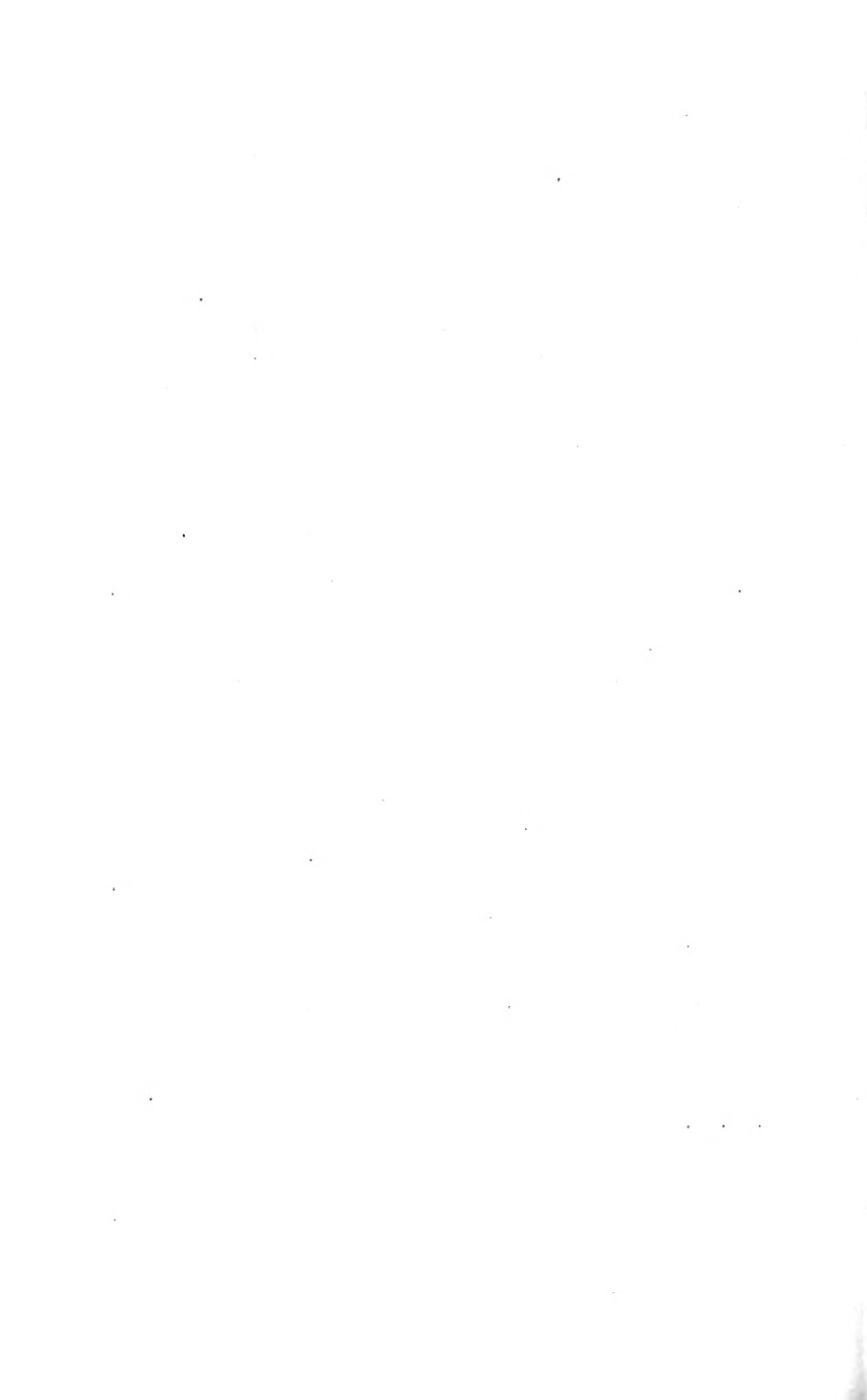
November 3, 1934. Rome. After saying Mass at S. Vitale had breakfast and said Little Hours. At 9:00 a.m. we were in the chapel at the Angelicum for Solemn Mass and professors afterwards made profession of faith. Ceremony very impressive. Father Browne, O.P. delivered the opening address. Enjoyed his talk very much. Visited the University after Mass. A pretty place, about 7 minutes walk from Collegio Canadese. Reginaldus Garrigou-Lagrange pointed out to us after the ceremony.

Nov. 4 Yesterday afternoon visited the Roman Forum seeing the ancient ruins of Roman Senate, the Arch of Titus and Constantine along with the remains of the temple of Vesta. We could see the ancient Colosseum in the distance but did not visit it. Afterwards we visited the Church of SS. Cosmos and Damian where we saw a very ancient and beautiful mosaic which formed the wall and ceiling behind the altar. There were pictured the two saints being presented to Our Lord by two ecclesiastics, one a Pope. The saints were according to V.L.K. <Father Vincent Kennedy> either Syrian or Persian. They were garbed in the dress of the day.

Afterwards we went to Gesu Church where we saw the tomb of St. Aloysius Gonzaga and other famous Jesuits who once lived there. There was something very solemn and impressive about the very atmosphere

of the place. Prayed at the tomb of St. Aloysius and experienced much fervour as I had previously at the tomb of our much beloved Pius X to whom in the designs of God I owe so much. We also visited the tomb of Card. Merry del Val at St. Peter that day. On our way home we found the Church of St. Mary Major locked and so could not visit there.

This afternoon we visited the ancient (5th century) church of St. Agnes. There is a beautiful mosaic there picturing St. Agnes being honoured by two Popes. The church has a very high and orante ceiling. There are two rows of pillars each side, one above the other. The reason for the height of the church is that it is built in a hill which had to be dug out so that the place might contain the tomb of St. Agnes which lay under the hill. Her tomb is below the altar but not open to view. I prayed there for my old teacher Sister Agnes. The church of St. Constantia is very close. A circular structure containing the oldest example of Christian mosaic in its ceilings. On our way we examined a hill of the volcanic soil and saw why it was possible to tunnel the various catacombs through the hills of Rome. V.L.K. informed us that Mass was celebrated in the catacombs not habitually but on the anniversary of the person's death who happened to be buried there.



Nov. 13 Received my first letter from home containing the news of Grandmother's death. Requiescat in Pace. I wrote my first letter to her while sailing down the Saint Lawrence away from Canada. I felt as I wrote that I would never see her alive again. I give Thee thanks O Lord that she died a peaceful death. She merely smiled and passed away — there was no struggle, no violence, all was peaceful and calm. Grant unto her eternal rest O Lord and may eternal light shine upon her. I shall offer my two Masses at my disposal this month for the repose of her soul.

Today is a holiday at the Angelicum, being a Dominican feast — that of the patronage of St. Thomas. There were no lectures so far but at 4:30 there is to be a "lectio sollemnis". This is also the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka and I am told that his relics are exposed to the public today at the church of St. Andrew Quirinale in the room where he died. Father Kennedy and I will make a visit there this afternoon.

Dec. 14 This morning we called on Father Garrigou-Lagrange. I was actually trembling as I knocked at his door. He invited us in seeming to recognize us immediately. We needed no introduction as Jacques Maritain had fixed that up. He made us sit down before him and began to talk. Asked us if we were religious and told us that he had met our Superior

(Father Henry Carr). Then he commenced to talk indeed, touching on a dozen or more different topics in quick succession. I was entranced. He spoke in his native language but I followed him perfectly for the most part. We were going to spend three years in Rome. Here we would be able to penetrate the principles of St. Thomas. We would have the opportunity to do so. Read the Summa of St. Thomas. The starting place is the understanding of the great thomistic principle that the object of the human intelligence is "ens intelligibilis". This idea of "ens" must be had before we could hope to get anywhere in St. Thomas. We simply cannot understand without it. For this we should pray, we should study the spiritual life. Grace purifies the intelligence. Particularly the doctrine of St. Augustine as embodied in the "Imitation of Christ". It is not necessary, said a certain learned priest, to have a great bibliography in order to be a great theologian. Better to study a few books intensely than to read hurriedly through a multitude. Read the Summa every day was the advice given to a Jesuit friend of Father Garrigou by one of his first professors. We could do no better than follow this: reading slowly and meditating on the words. This is the true formation and development of the intellect. St. Thomas' view of "ens intelligibile" became more and

more simplified as he advanced in years. His early works, the quaestiones disputatae are very complicated and involved, lacking the vivid simplicity which characterizes the masterful pages of his Summa Theologica. Father Lagrange himself passed through a similar experience. He simply could not have written his profound work, "Dieu", when he was a young professor of thirty, more concerned with storing up the memory than with true intellectual development.

It is not necessary to introduce new words as Maritain sometimes does. St. Thomas did not introduce them.

As for his spiritual conferences at the Prieré de la Vierge, we could not accompany him there. We could attend his Saturday afternoon lectures on mystical theology. The doctrine is the same at both places but the terminology more technical in the lecture hall of course. He would be glad to talk to us if we could get to see him at certain stated times. But unfortunately the hours he assigned are almost all inconvenient for us.

Feb. 4, 1935. Monday. Almost saw Il Duce today. I heard that he was to appear at the Nostrum on the Via Nazionale about 12:00 mid-day. A goodly crowd was gathered there but I

decided not to wait. Vernon saw him, however, and was greatly impressed.

Feb. 4. Teuesday. The King appeared at the Nostrum today. Vernon waited to see him but I came home.

Feb. 5. Wednesday. Received official notice that we must submit to a baccalaureate exam at the end of the year. Dropped into the old church of San Lorenzo in Pamisperna on the way home from Angelicum. At spiritual reading Father Bastien announced that the annual audience with the Pope would occur on the morrow.

Feb. 6. Thursday. Had our audience with His Holiness. He addressed us in French after presenting his ring to each of us to kiss. He said we were most welcome. Canadians were children not of his dliection alone but of his predeliction. Said he hoped we would profit by our stay in Rome, not only in our studies but also in the spiritual life. He referred also in a general way to the influence our Roman training should have on our future labours. After telling us that he wished to bless our families in a special manner and also all whom we intended him to bless he imparted the triple blessing. This done he passed out of the room and we applauded as we had done when he entered.



March 29th How delightful it is to realize the awful and immense presence of our God as on bended knees we softly sound the sacred words of the Breviary! What a privilege to bathe in the divine sunlight, to feel the penetrating warmth of rays of love flooding the soul!

April 1. In the light of divine grace our unruly movements especially of pride and vanity stand out in bold relief like the sordid blotches in a window pane through which the golden sunlight streams. Only divine love in its own good time will dissolve these ugly deformations from the beloved soul.

April 2. What strange yet marvelous grace is this which takes possession of the soul at the opening words of the canonical hours and sustains it as it were in an elevated state from beginning to end, even through seemingly inevitable distractions.

April 3. How small a thing can grip the heart and hold it fast in spite of protests from the soul. A passion for precedence in matters of little or no account, an over anxiety to be first. Such as these are often motives for works which are done with considerable inconvenience. To be hoped they are secondary to the desire to serve Our Master.

April 4. Underground three hours at Catacomb of Domitilla. Father Silli was in his element lecturing in Italian as only he can do his sometimes near one hundred pupils. Much time wasted away while waiting around in the dark, subterranean passages for all could not be packed into the small "cubicula" simultaneously. Three separate groups were called into these alternately to see the sights and hear Father Silli sputtering his description and historical remarks in his own inimitable manner. Paintings there dated from late in first or more probably early second century. Inscriptions even earlier than this. Atmosphere varied from almost insupportable stuffiness to something approaching freshness. Glad when it was over but enjoyed it immensely and am sure it will stand out in memory for some time to come. Father Laline was a delightful companion and I am glad I had him with me.

Long apertures in the walls were for grown-ups who passed away after maturity. Smaller ones were visible, the burial places of babes and children more advanced in years.

St. Petronilla, the church to which the catacomb is adjoined, has varied points

of interest. Walls plastered with inscriptions dug up no doubt from the neighboring ground in the process of restoration. Ambones, two, one on either side of the choir where in former days epistle and gospel were chanted to assembled worshippers. In the floor of the church itself are several rectangular apertures where bodies once were laid to rest, some remaining there still.

April 7. Sunday at Vatican Basilica.

It was the stational church and the Holy Father joined the people there for an hour of prayer. Every available seat was occupied when I arrived a good three quarters of an hour before the actual appearance of His Holiness. When he did come in by the front entrance carried on the sedia above the heads of the people the mob near the door cheered and applauded like men gone mad. Many holy nuns and priests like the lay people around them thought it not undignified to mount the benches on which they formerly sat in order to catch a glimpse of the Sovereign Pontiff as he was carried down the aisle. He stopped at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament for the chanting of several canticles and then proceeded on foot with the procession to the main altar. At this juncture I stood up on a bench to catch my first glimpse of him as he

passed by looking very attractive in his spotless white cassock and mantle of red. After the litany had been chanted and many prayers recited at the foot of the main altar the bells chimed and people knelt for the blessing with the relics which was given from a balcony high above their heads. After this the procession filed back to the front entrance, His Holiness again being carried and this time giving his blessing then the enthusiastic mob cheered and applauded him as he passed by. It was the first time I witnessed such a demonstration in any church.

April 10 Called on Father Geoffrey, O.P., in regard to starting my thesis on the doctrine of St. Thomas of Aquinas and St. John of the Cross. Found him a most attractive young priest and most obliging. He has a very charming manner and seems to be a deeply spiritual person. I think I will do well to work under him.

April 16 Garrigou-Lagrange always seems to have a humorous story in reserve. When his class appears a bit fagged out due to the daily grind that is our lot he cheers up with a vivid and humorous story and seldom fails to provoke our laughter. He loves the

principles of St. Thomas and to show how dear they were to a friend of his he recounted this anecdote the other day. When Father Lepide, O.P. was teaching in Belgium he found that only one student appeared one day for the lecture. Father Lepide commenced to expound the doctrine he loved with all his customary zeal and enthusiasm. His student somewhat abashed at first finally stood up and said, "Father, all this fire and vim is not necessary. I can follow you very well without it." Father Lepide looked at him rather disdainfully and said, "And you, do you think I am expounding this doctrine for your sake? Never in the world."

April 17 Wednesday. A bit of history was made today. Six Basilians visited the Pope and were announced to him in the throne room. On hearing that we were Canadians he inquired if we were from Quebec. Vin Kennedy said we were from Ontario but this name did not seem to mean anything to His Holiness. So Father Vincent then said Toronto. This was apparently more enlightening for Pius XI repeated the name loudly enough to be heard across the room. All this time His Holiness was standing squarely in front of me. He grunted a bit as a sign of approval so it seemed and then passed on. He certainly could afford to waste much time that day for

the waiting rooms were filled to capacity. Father Alex Denomy who is visiting us was greatly impressed with the audience and with all that accompanied it. He is a student of mediæval literature and here indeed was atmosphere which savoured of the Middle Ages.

That same afternoon we went to the Gesu to hear the tenebrae as sung by the song birds of the German College. They did very well indeed, especially in the Palaestrina parts. Their director was one of themselves and not the oldest of the group if one may judge by outward appearances. He was full of enthusiasm but his beats were methodically timed in true German style. He had a rather coarse voice himself and in many cases marred the beauty of the execution by braying in advance of the others, apparently in an attempt to keep them at the proper pitch. I think he overdid it.

April 18 Thursday. The six Basilians visited St. Paul's outside the walls where we took some photos. Father Denomy was highly impressed with the Church. Following our visit here, six Basilians went for a walk through the Campagna as far as Tre Fontane. A beggar awaited us as we came out. He collected but his taking will not ex-

actly make him rich. We are poor men ourselves and in the literal sense too.

April 19 Friday. At a convent on the Via Guattane acted as sub-deacon at the Mass of the Presanctified. Also sang the Chronista in the Passion. Father Lemieux and I walked back. This is a day of silence and prayer according to the rule at the Collegio Canadese. We had the Stations in common at 2:00 p.m. There is reading at dinner and supper. Veneration of the relic of the true Cross will be held after night prayers.

It is a great favour to enjoy light and comfort from above during our office and prayers. But if in the midst of heavenly light and elevating comforts the mind is allowed to freely entertain vain, useless and dissipating thoughts, is there not reason to fear that these lights and comforts will be a cause of greater faults; not due to the donor but due to the negligence, carelessness and indifference of him who receives? If one does not act up to his lights it would seem better for him not to have them. They will doubtless in many cases serve to lengthen the soul's stay in Purgatory.

April 20 Saturday. Holy Saturday.
Station at St. John Lateran.
Witnessed the blessing of the baptismsal

font there and the magnificent procession back to the church while the Litany was chanted. There were ordinandi in the procession with vestments on their arms, seminarians in purple cassocks, others in black with red fringe, Canons wearing mantles of ermine pure white and members of the choir in mantles of a darker hue reminding me of what are known as squirrel coats at home. The celebrant was a man in the full vigour of life but I did not find out his name. Before the Gloria we left for St. Mary Major where we found them just blessing the font. We returned home and then went back to St. Mary's to arrive just before the commencement of the Mass. The celebrant here was an aged bishop with a flowing white beard but his voice was clear and his enunciation quite distinct. After the Mass I returned to find awaiting me a registered letter from Father Bondy. It contained a draft for over 8,000 Lire, 1,200 of which was to go to Father Flahiff who was to depart on the morrow. I enquired of Giovanni what was the closing hour for the banks in Rome. He said 1:00 p.m. It was then about 11:40. I thought I could make it before dinner so I hustled off. When I reached the Credito Italiano the door was slightly ajar. I pushed it in and found myself face to face with the porter who insisted that the bank was "chiusa". I told him emphatically that it was

necessary, so my word was taken and I was allowed to enter. Father Robin obtained the lion's share of the cash: £ 7,000. The balance came to Vernon and myself, almost £ 200.

In the afternoon I volunteered to help the parish priest of Santa Maria degli Angeli with the blessing of houses of business and dwellings of his parishioners. It is the custom here on Holy Saturday. It was an interesting experience, walking through the streets of Rome in surplice and stole preceded by a sanctuary boy in soutane and surplice bearing a vessel of Holy Water and a hyssop. First a place that seemed to be a convent for little girls or perhaps it was an orphanage for the same. After the blessing the little girls in a chorus wished us a "Buona Pascha". After that the work was more varied: meat shops, beer parlours, wineries, an opera house where by the way I was most graciously received and found men who seemed to have a child like faith coupled with apparent erudition or at any rate culture, and many apartments. I was graciously received in all save one or two places where what my boy called "Israeliti" held sway. In almost every house there was a dish of eggs to bless, some sausage and lamb. Many times pious souls demanded a special blessing for themselves. One apartment

twelve stories high had no elevator. For some unknown reason my boy thought we should begin to bless at the top floor and work gradually to the bottom. The apartment at the top was locked and we could not get an answer at the door. We blessed the rest almost to the first floor and there we met the lady of the top apartment. She insisted that we remount the steps and bless her house.

The vessel of holy water served as a collection plate as well. The people in the various houses dropped a coin there after the blessing. Some, however, not many, failed to contribute. We had not yet finished the blessings at 8:30 p.m. and this was the deadline. We returned to the pastor's house and there received a slight refreshment. After that I bought a lunch at the corner for I was very hungry and it was too late to hope for anything at the College.

Easter Sunday morning I finished the blessings, starting at 9:00 a.m. It took us only about an hour.

In the afternoon Fathers Flahiff and Denomy departed for Assisi, the first stop on their journey toward Paris. I accepted the invitation of Father Laline to give Benediction at the Convent of the Sacramentines.



May 19 Fourth Sunday after the octave
of Easter and date of the
solemn canonization of Blessed John
Cardinal Fisher and Thomas More, Chan-
cellor of England.

Vern and I said our Masses early enough
to be on our way to the Vatican Basilica
at 6:15. We had not long to wait outside
and obtained our seats such as they were.
It was a good location to witness the
procession and permitted us to say our
Office with a minimum of external dis-
turbances before the ceremonies commenced.
Our places, however, were not suitable
to witness the Holy Sacrifice, so we
sought another. Father Clancy and I
were permitted to take a seat in the
transept and there we obtained a good
view of the altar. The consecration
was to my mind the most impressive part
of the whole ceremony and justly so.
The trumpeteers played solemnly as the
Holy Father pronounced the awful words
and my soul was indeed stirred within
me as I knelt in adoration. Christ
whose love has drawn St. Thomas More and
St. John Fisher to His bosom in ever-
lasting bliss lies on our altar, the
victim of our sacrifice. His sacred
Body and Blood as it were separated in
the sacred species. A sacrifice most
pleasing to our Heavenly Father offered
in honour of the saints and martyrs
solemnly canonized today.

Promptly at 9:00 o'clock as the huge bell boomed the hour hundreds of torches flared and blazed all over the huge dome of St. Peter. It was a remarkable sight and quickly done.

Later a fine view of the illuminated dome was obtained from various points on the Pincio and again on the Quirinale.

June 6. How strange it is that souls who seem to enjoy a wonderful intimacy and close friendship with God Triune and His saints do nevertheless come into contact with a soul here on earth whose very presence galls their spirit. He may pray for that soul, wish it well before Almighty God and at times find his company quite enjoyable. But nevertheless the natural contrariety of these natures asserts itself more frequently than not so that even the devout soul is forced to put forth an effort that is worthy of the name heroic in order to bear patiently with his presence. It is all the more agonizing when he seems to be imbued with a spirit of rivalry towards the devout soul though he may be devout himself as well. It is a cross without doubt, a cross that weighs heavily upon the spirit rather than upon the body and beneath whose weight the devout soul faints at times. But it is to be hoped that God in His mercy makes of this trial a channel of saving grace flowing almost continually

into these crucified souls who are striving to render their Master a reasonable service.

June 9 Even the little sisters who look after the kitchen and chapel come in for their share of adverse criticism. A certain priest, a devout one too in his own way, was heard complaining one day at dinner that the sisters were always running for cover whenever they saw him coming. He apparently could not understand this comely modesty. To me it is most edifying the way these little servants of Our Lord go about their work seeming not to care at all about those who may be observing them. When going about the house they are never alone — there are always at least two, walking along usually at a lively pace but with eyes modestly cast down never speaking to anyone unless they be first addressed.

Another priest asserted that these little sisters had the wrong training. I wonder if it is not just a case of men expecting more attention than they actually receive. These little sisters, though I have never exchanged a word with them nor had any occasion to learn anything about them, are deeply loved by me because they are cherished children of Him who is Love. I love them not with the natural love which seeks personal acquaintance with them. I care not if I ever see the face or hear the

voice of any of them. But I see the heroicity of their lives and the cheerful willingness which overflows in the work they do each day, especially in the Chapel. The Little Sisters of the Holy Family of Sherbrooke have, all unknown to themselves, preached many an eloquent and intimately effective sermon to me. They have taught me lessons in the spiritual life which I think will be remembered to my dying day. May they be richly blessed and dearly loved by Thee O God my All. Draw their consecrated hearts into that awful intimacy of friendship which Thou betimes dost communicate to Thy faithful servants. Richly reward their devoted service even in this life through Our Lord Jesus Christ Who livest and reignest with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost One God world without end. Amen.

(Transcribed from the original in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

OLD ST. MICHAEL'S

Roll back the gathering mists on Clover
Hill
An view Saint's sons, new-come from
France,
Who build a school where learning may
advance,
And 'Who is like to God?' re-echo still.

From whence the youth in '52 to fill
St. Michael's? Some the city streets
have trod,
And some are harvest for the Mill of God
from Simcoe farms, in answer to His will!

But customs change and generations pass—
The candle, lamp and gas-light fade away,
And fair Electra holds the torch to-day;
Age follows youth as shadows o'er the
grass—

Nor can Saint Michael's walls, of old
renown,
Withstand the change, and look "Time's
leaguer down".

Rose Ferguson.

(Transcribed from a newspaper clipping
in the general archives of the Basilian
Fathers, Toronto.)

THE NEW ST. MICHAEL'S

Old times, old customs fade, and go
 their way;
And Youth, no longer young, evolves a
 plan —
A new Saint Michael's, marching in the
 van,
Equipped with staff and scrip of modern
 day,
A force the mind of modern youth to sway.
And lo, in motor car and aeroplane
They come, whose grandsires used the
 lumb'ring wain;
And some will hear His call, which bids
 them stay.

Did not their winged Patron cleave the
 blue,
With "Who is like to God?" his battle
 cry?
May modern youth hurl evil from on high,
The "airy navies" now a dream come true!

Not only here their loyal service given
The "gray-beards" now remember us in
 Heaven.

Rose Ferguson

(Transcribed from a newspaper clipping
in the general archives of the Basilian
Fathers, Toronto.)

Morro, James P.

144

Novitiate Diary, June-August, 1959

DIARY OF THE FIRST DAYS AT NEW ST.
BASIL'S NOVITIATE IN PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

June 19, 1959. Arrival of novices of
class of 1958-59 with
Master of Novices, Rev. Father F.J.
Grescoviak, C.S.B.

June 30. Cement poured for sidewalks.
Permission granted to pur-
chase new tractor.

July 1sts. Wednesday. Father Hubert
Coughlin visited.

July 8th. Wednesday. Refrigerator
installed.

July 9th. Thursday. New organ installed.

July 16th. Thursday. Novices on an
outing at Union Lake as
guests of a new postulant, Mr. Frank
Bredeweg. Bulldozer and ground crew
working again today after a lapse of
several weeks. Patio completed outside
Community Room.

July 17th. Friday. Stations of the
Cross erected by a Francis-
can Father from Duns Scotus College
nearby. Last three Fridays outside con-
fessors as Father McGee, the regular
confessor has been away. Mr. Leonard
Else, C.S.B., is here to work on trees

on the property. He will cut and prune the orchard in front of the building. We have many beautiful fruit trees that have been long neglected. Evidently there was an orchard at one time on this land. We shall begin to work on it.

July 20th. For the past three weeks we have been studying Latin. While we were in Rochester, some of the novices typed a set of Latin review notes of college level. This refresher course will be of great benefit to all of us. It will serve as a brush-up course to those who have been away from it for a time, and it will serve as an aid to those beginning their University course in the Fall.

July 26th. Sunday. Feast of St. Anne.
A grand holiday for us.

August 1, 1959. We are trying to prepare the novitiate for the 27 new postulants scheduled to arrive on Wednesday, August 5th. At this point, the building is very near to completion and the many little "jobs" have been done: numbering of doors, the library shelves built and the books arranged, the workshop on the basement, etc. We are cleaning floors and waxing everything. The grounds are taking shape and sod has been laid on the hills and so far the attempts have proved

successful. Some flowers are in and a bit of grass seed in front. The efforts to clear some of the woods immediately in front of the building and expose the fruit trees is progressing well. The view has been enhanced greatly. Mr. Else has gone but the novices are continuing the work he has begun.

August 5. Twenty-six young men arrived this afternoon to begin their novitiate. It was indeed a happy sight to welcome them to our beautiful new novitiate. All were on hand to extend a welcome to the new men and their families. The retreat begins tonight. Father William J. Young is the retreat-master. We have a full house!!

August 14. Reception of the habit for the new novices.

August 15. Fifteen novices became Basilian scholastics as they pronounced their vows in the temporary chapel. It was a memorable occasion and a very joyful one indeed. Father Grescoviak received the vows and Fathers William McGee and Francis Ruth were witnesses. A large crowd was here for the occasion.

(Transcribed from the original, deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

THE NEW SAINT BASIL'S NOVITIATE

On Friday June 19, 1959, the new Novitiat of the Basilian Fathers was officially taken. The old novitiate in Rochester, New York, was closed and the novices of the class of 1958-59 along with Father Master, F.J. Grescoviak, C.S.B., moved into the new building located in Oakland County, Pontiac, Michigan.

Preparations for the Move

A site for the new American Novitiate was purchased in September, 1957. The property is located in Oakland County, to the north of the city of Pontiac, on Giddings Road at Lake Angelus Road. It has a frontage of 1,300 feet and a depth of 2,600 feet. The architect is Mr. Charles Hannan. The civil corporation, the Basilian Fathers of Michigan, has been formed to own the new novitiate.

Permission to move the novitiate was granted by the Holy See by a rescript dated March 18, 1958, code number P.N. 16953/58. Archbishop Mooney had been approached earlier for permission to establish a novitiate in his archdiocese. His official permission was granted on November 11, 1957.

Preliminary Account

The novices of the class of 1958-1959 were informed of the pending move of the novitiate upon their entrance. The old novitiate rule was kept until May 1, 1959, when the new revised rule was officially begun. In so far as it was possible, the new rule was kept in Rochester. Many points could not go into effect until the new building was occupied. Each novice was given a copy of this new rule.

The library of the Rochester Novitiate was packed in cases and shipped to Pontiac on June 15th, 1959, by trucking transport. Close to sixty cartons were filled. Except for minor items, a few statues, some flower bulbs, some vestments and crucifixes (made by the novices themselves), nothing else was taken. The new novitiate is to be completely furnished and equipped.

Individual packing was done intermittently during the preceding two weeks. Some of the Rochester families volunteered to take some items by car later on.

The week beginning with the feast of St. Basil was indeed a memorable one. We celebrated our first feast of St. Basil most fittingly with the priests from St. John Fisher College and the staff of

Aquinas. A delicious dinner was served at Aquinas Institute in the evening of June 14th. On Monday, June 15th, we began final preparations for moving. On Tuesday most of the novices wrote New York State Regent Examinations. The packing was completed on Wednesday and some of the large trunks were shipped ahead. Thursday the last of the Regent exams were written and had to be corrected promptly. By 9:30 p.m. the last flurry of activity was ended and the novices retired for the last night to be spent in the Rochester Novitiate. This entire task of moving which had begun as early as last January, was now at an end. The front hall of the house was lined with luggage and boxes. The novitiate took on the strange appearance for the rooms were empty and gave an impression that we were about to abandon the home where we had begun our life as novices.

June 19, 1959:

Day of our moving to Pontiac:

This date, Friday, June 19, 1959, had been set for our departure. Rather sleepy-eyed, we rose at five a.m. After assisting at Mass, we ate breakfast and spent about an hour in last minute details. We were to travel on a chartered Greyhound bus which arrived about seven a.m. The scene outside the house was exciting: all the priests were on hand

to bid farewells; the scholastics were about to leave for the Island; the bus was being loaded with all the luggage (the number of trunks, suitcases, boxes, etc. was very great!); a photographer was on hand from the Rochester Catholic Courier Journal to take pictures and write an article to appear in the June 26th edition; and several of the priests were snapping pictures of the novices and groups of the novices. We made our departure at 7:35 a.m.

Trip from Rochester to Pontiac

The Route taken is as follows: From Rochester, we took the New York Thruway to Buffalo; crossed over into Canada at Buffalo-Port Erie; continued through southern Ontario passing through London to Sarnia. Crossed the bridge at Sarnia and entered Michigan at Port Huron. We experienced no difficulties with the Customs officials. From Port Huron we came directly to Pontiac. From the main highway (Route 24) someone caught sight of the chapel roof. In a very short time we turned onto Brown Road; we turned at Giddings Road and continued to Lake Angelus Road: we were on the novitiate property. We all experienced genuine excitement as we saw the imposing new structure. We realized that we weremaking history in the annals of the Basilian Fathers!

The ride was a very enjoyable one: the weather was ideal, cool and sunny and clear. We were allowed to eat on the trip, and the Misses Lynch had baked us several boxes of cookies which we took with us. We all wore black suits, white shirts and black ties. Everyone looked fine — it was the first time for most of us in black suits!

We made a brief stop in the morning at Clarence, N.Y. At Simcoe, Ontario, we stopped at a fine dairy restaurant, the Royal Simcoe Lodge, for our lunch. After about one hour's delay, we proceeded on our way. The afternoon was uneventful and we made excellent time — the entire journey took approximately ten hours.

Arrival at the New Novitiate: First Impressions

The bus drove on to our new novitiate grounds at approximately 5:45 p.m. Eastern Standard Time — 4:45 p.m. Pontiac time. The impressive building caught our attention and far surpassed the pictures we have seen during the year. Of course, the outside grounds are in great disorder as the workmen are still here completing the building. We stepped out of the bus about one hundred feet from the main entrance and piles of debris, cement mixers, tools, bags of sand, bricks, wood, etc. were all about. Fathers William McGee and

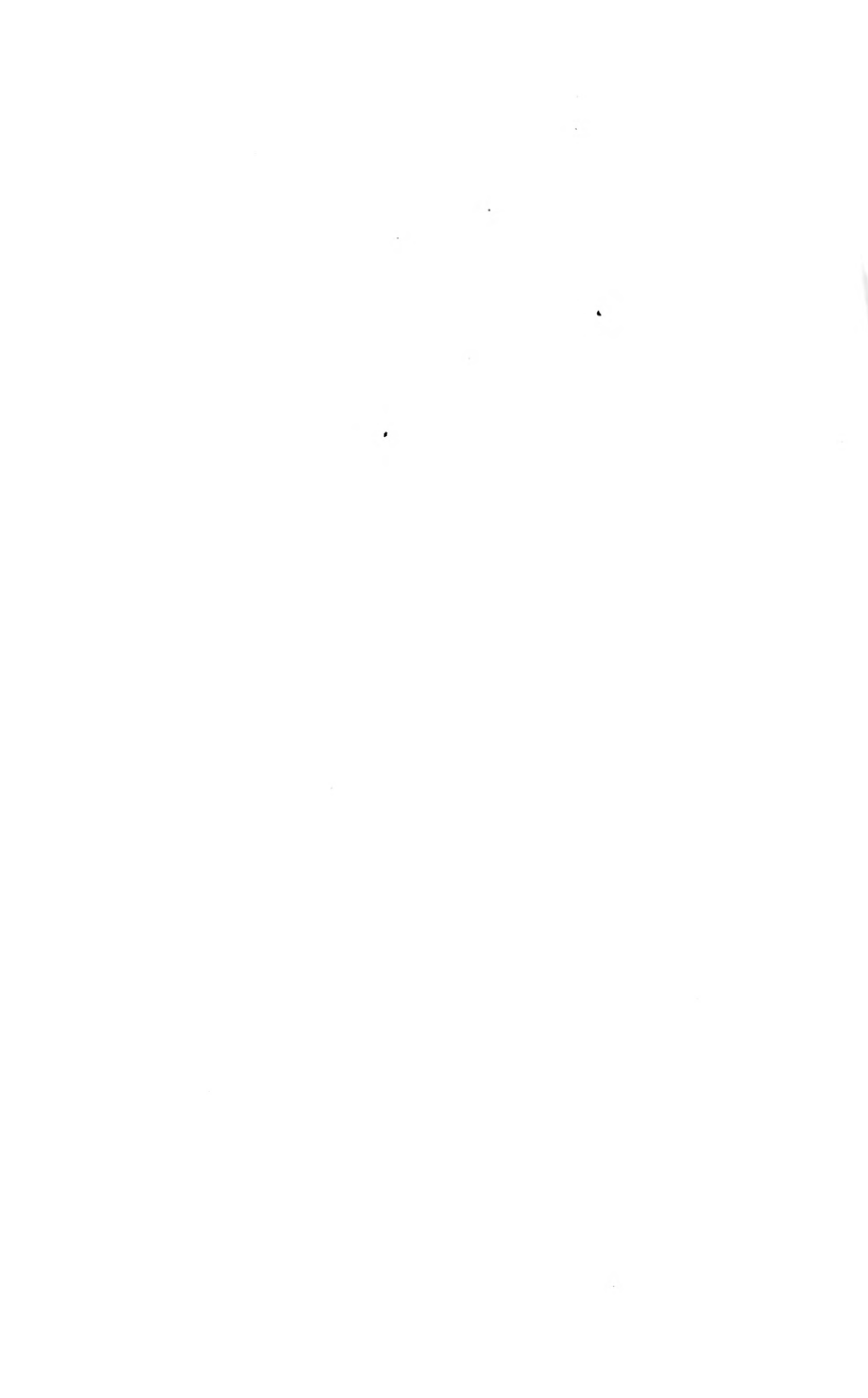
Francis Ruth were on hand to greet us as well as two scholastics from Assumption University.

If the exterior was impressive, it was nothing compared to the interior! The wing that is the living quarters for the novices was completed. Our rooms were in complete readiness for occupancy. They are perfect in every way: new furniture, a handsome wardrobe, a sink, and a superlative view of the countryside to the South. The chapel wing is not finished, so the Blessed Sacrament is in a temporary chapel, the recreation room serves as the present chapel.

The construction of the building in glass, brick, concrete, and metal makes for a singular attractiveness. The all copper roof of the Chapel stands out and can be seen for quite a distance thanks to the high level of the site. It has been said that our property is one of the highest spots in the area. The great amount of light that fills the rooms is very noticeable, and the contrast is so great from our old novitiate in Rochester. And of course the refectory and kitchen are ideal. The big picture windows of the refectory give it a charm and appeal that are incomparable. In a word, the new novitiate possesses a beauty and dignity that will add much to our formation as nov-

ices; above all, the quiet and solitude are most appreciable.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



Father M.V. Kelly
January 21, 1939

154

The Basilian Press
1000 - 19th Street
Detroit, Mich.

January 21, 1939.

Dear Fr. Murphy:

Had I realized that the instruction of public school children was entirely in your hands, I should have contrived to be in Amherstburg while you were at home. This means I shall have to make another visit. If you wish, make it known to all the children and their parents that there will be an examination in May, at which every child will be required to attend. Meanwhile, allow me to make this suggestion. With one visit a month you can accomplish little or nothing unless the parents are steadily on the job. When you make your next visit, assign a definite amount (four or five pages) to be learned during the month, on which they will be examined closely at the end of the month.

The class of parents you are dealing with will fall short unless you get after them. In the near future, make a visit to the parents of every pupil and explain to them thoroughly what you expect of them. Nothing else will suffice. There must be fifty children attending the public schools and whether

Father M.V. Kelly
January 21, 1939

155

or not they shall know their religion
and practice it through life is almost
entirely in your hands.

Sincerely yours in Christo,

M.V. Kelly

(Letter written by Father Michael Vincent Kelly to Father James Murphy, then assistant at St. John the Baptist Parish, Amherstburg. Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

F. ther J.M. Soulerin
Avril 6, 1856

156

Toronto, 6 Avril 1856

Messieurs,

Permettez-moi de vous présenter quelques réflexions sur l'état du catholicisme dans ce pays, sur ses craintes et ses espérances pour l'avenir. Mes observations, bien qu'applicables à tout le Haut-Canada, se rapportent particulièrement au diocèse de Toronto, où la Providence m'a envoyé.

Je ne m'arrêterai pas à vous entretenir des merveilles naturelles de la contée, de ses grands lacs, de ses magnifiques forêts, de la fertilité du sol, ni des rapides progrès de l'industrie, des arts et des sciences; ce n'est pas le point du vue sous lequel je veux l'envisager. Qu'il suffise de dire que le Haut-Canada est une vaste et belle terre, qui n'attend que des bras pour dédommager amplement le colon de tous ses travaux. Si le climat est plus froid que celui de la France, quoique sous la même latitude, il est des plus salubres; je ne connais pas de pays où l'on respire un air plus pur, et où les productions essentielles à la vie soient de meilleure qualité. Le temps viendra où des rives de l'Ottawa à celles de la rivière Saint-Clair, des bords des lacs Ontario et Erie à ceux du lac Huron et la baie d'Hudson, s'étendront de riantes campagnes, qui pour la fertilité, l'industrie et la



richesse, n'auront rien à envier à l'Angleterre elle-même. Déjà le Canada tel qu'il est offre un aspect très remarquable: l'Européen qui le voit pour la première fois est agréablement surpris et ne tarde pas à modifier l'idée peu favorable qu'il avait pu s'en faire. C'est qu'il a eu l'avantage d'être peuplé par des hommes formés à tous les arts de la mère-patrie; ceux-ci n'ont pas eu à s'instruire patiemment pendant des siècles... Au point de vue matériel; l'avenir du Canada se présente donc sous l'aspect le plus brillant; malheureusement on ne peut dire qu'il en soit de même sous le rapport religieux et moral.

Nos frères séparés sont ici en grande majorité, et l'on peut dire que, outre le nombre, ils ont pour eux le commerce, la propriété, la richesse et les emplois; mais quel spectacle ils présentent aux yeux de la foi! Il n'y eut pas plus de confusion à Babel ... Vous recontrez des temples à chaque pas, et il est vrai que ces sanctuaires, qui restent fermés toute la semaine, sont assez fréquentés le dimanche; mais il suffit de lire les inscriptions placées sur leurs frontispices pour comprendre combien cette apparence de culte cache de doutes et de visions... Je m'étonne qu'il reste encore quelques grains de foi parmi les protestants qui réfléchissent. Beaucoup d'entre eux commencent à comprendre qu'un livre d'où l'on peut tirer tant de

doctrines disparates ... est inévitablement un livre, ou qui n'a rien de divin, ou dont il ne faut pas laisser sans contrôle l'interprétation à tout individu. Tous ceux qui s'arrêtent à la première de ces deux conclusions tombent dans le déisme, religion commode, que professe déjà une partie des Etats-Unis; ceux qui adoptent la seconde renoncent au principe fondamental du protestantisme et rentrent dans le sein de l'Eglise. Grâce à Dieu, nous voyons chaque année un certain nombre de ces brebis égarées revenir au berceil.

Entre tous les dangers que courent nos catholiques, un des plus communs est l'isolement forcé où se trouvent jetés les émigrants en arrivant au Canada. Ils viennent pour la plupart d'Irlande, où la foi est si vive ... L'Eglise était près, le prêtre était là chaque jour pour les diriger, les encourager... Ici, quel changement! Près de cent mille catholiques sont répandus dans le diocèse, sur une étendue à peu près égale à la moitié de la France, au milieu d'une population protestante cinq fois plus considérable, souvent perdus dans les bois, ne voyant le prêtre que de loin en loin, et encore faut-il qu'ils fassent quatre, cinq, six, dix lieues pour avoir cette consolation: les églises et les pasteurs sont en si petit nombre! Dans tout cet

immense diocèse, où cent et même cent cinquante prêtres trouveraient assez d'occupation, on n'en compte que trente-huit dans les villes et dans les campagnes; les appels pour les malades les tiennent presque continuellement en course... Il leur est impossible de répondre aux besoins de ce peuple avide de les voir et de les entendre ... Comment les habitudes religieuses de ce pauvre peuple ne d'affaibliraient-elles pas? Comment sa foi résisterait-elle aux mille tentations d'un prosélytisme ardent et d'une propagande qui dispose d'immense ressources?

Mais si la génération présente ... est déjà sérieusement exposée, que dirons-nous de la génération qui suivra? ... Qui instruira leurs enfants, qui leur donnera cette éducation chrétienne si nécessaire partout, mais surtout dans un pays semé de tant d'écueils? ... Les prêtres ne peuvent pas ... réunir les enfants au moins chaque dimanche et leur enseigner le catéchisme ... Il resterait un moyen: l'école ... Mais hélas! nous sommes sous le régime des écoles mixtes; comme elles doivent être également ouvertes aux enfants de toutes les communions, et comme il serait impossible qu'un maître ... pût enseigner le catéchisme de tant de sectes différentes, on a pris le parti de n'en point enseigner dut out, et de garder un silence absolu sur la religion. Avec de

telles écoles et tels maîtres, on peut apprendre aux enfants à bien lire, écrire, calculer; on peut en faire de bons commis de magasin, des clercs de notaire, des géomètres, si l'on veut; mais à coup sûr, on n'en fera pas des chrétiens.

Dans le Bas-Canada, où les catholiques sont en majoriét, le déplorable inconvénient de ce système a été bien vite senti, et la question a été réglée sans difficulté: on a établi des écoles séparées ... Nous espérons bien que les hommes qui tiennent avant tout à donner une éducation chrétienne à leurs enfants ... se laisseront pas déconcerter... Le digne évêque de Toronto les anime par l'exemple de sa persévérance et son zèle infatigable ...

... Le vice de l'ivrognerie prend ici des proportions effrayantes...

... En voyant les dispositions de ces pauvres exilés, on ne peut douter qu'avec des missionnaires assez nombreux, nous n'eussions bientôt ici une des églises les plus florissantes. C'est le cas de le dire: Videte regiones, quia albae sunt jam ad messem.

Mais d'où viendront les ouvriers? Il en faudrait des milliers à la pauvre Irlande pour suivre ses enfants dans

Father J.M. Soulerin
April 6, 1856

161

toutes les parties du monde où la Providence les a dispersés, et c'est tout au plus si elle en a assez pour ceux qui restent dans la mère-patrie. La France et l'Allemagne sont les plus riches en hommes apostoliques; mais les difficultés de la langue sont telles que pendant des années elles paralysent le zèle des meilleurs prêtres. Si leur courage résiste à ce long et pénible apprentissage et à bien d'autres épreuves, ils se sentent toujours plus ou moins étrangers au milieu de leur peuple, et comprennent dans mille circonstances quel bien ils pourraient faire de plus, s'ils avaient été formés dès leur enfance à la langue et aux moeurs du pays. La plupart de ces inconvénients n'existeraient pas pour des prêtres élevés ici. Notre courte expérience de quatre ans n'a fait que nous confirmer dans la persuasion où nous étions, qu'une des institutions les plus importantes pour le Canada catholique, est la formation d'un clergé indigène. C'est l'oeuvre à laquelle nous nous sommes plus spécialement dévoués. Sans doute elle est difficile. On n'a pas manqué de nous dire que dans plusieurs diocèses des Etats-Unis on avait fait les essais les plus infructueux; mais nous pensons que le Canada est dans des conditions meilleures que les Etats de l'Union. Et puis, si l'oeuvre a échoué dans certains diocèses,

elle a réussi dans d'autres... L'espoir de fonder à Toronto une maison d'éducation qui serait comme la pépinière cléricale du Haut-Canada, nous a fait quitter notre patrie et ce que nous avions de plus cher au monde; cet espoir nous a soutenus pendant quatre ans et nous soutiendra encore, s'il plaît à la divine Providence. Déjà trois de nos élèves font avec succès leur seconde année de théologie au grand Séminaire de Montréal; deux autres suivent ici le même cours, en même temps qu'ils nous aident pour l'enseignement des classes élémentaires; trois autres étudient la logique, huit en sont à leur quatrième année d'études classiques, et douze les ont récemment commencées. Plusieurs autres sujets d'élite nous ont été proposés, mais nous avons dû ajourner leur admission, afin de ne pas accumuler les enfants dans un local déjà trop rempli. Dans deux ans, si Dieu continue à nous bénir, nous aurons le bonheur d'offrir à l'Eglise les prémices du Séminaire de Toronto. Quel beau jour pour nous! Quel joie pour notre saint évêque qui a déjà tant fait pour ce troupeau sans pasteurs, et dont le cœur souffre péniblement à la vue de tant de besoins qu'il ne peut satisfaire! Le collège St. Michel, fondé par ses soins et déjà reconnu par le gouvernement comme corporation, deviendra une source de bénédiction pour cette province. Tandis que Québec, Montréal,

Saint Hyacinthe, etc. ont des établissements florissants d'éducation secondaire, et que le Bas-Canada n'a rien à demander pour l'instruction à des maîtres protestants, notre jeunesse catholique doit, au sortir des écoles mixtes, passer dans des collèges du même genre, ou renoncer aux avantages d'une éducation plus avancée, quand les parents redoutent ce contact dangereux. Alors ces jeunes gens restent comme forcément dans un état d'infériorité qui les humilie, et qui n'est pas moins préjudiciable à la religion qu'à eux-mêmes. Peu s'en faut qu'on ne regarde ces pauvres catholiques irlandais comme une caste incapable de remplir les emplois élevés, propre seulement à des travaux mécaniques, à creuser des canaux, à niveler des routes, à extraire du charbon, etc. sous la direction d'un homme intelligent. Si l'orthodoxie n'était pas si profondément enracinée dans leur coeur, nous compterions les apostasies par milliers. Mais la foi vit toujours dans ce peuple généreux qui a tant souffert pour elle. Puisse-t-il la conserver! Puissions-nous la fair passer des pères aux enfants! Pour cela il faut des églises, des écoles, des prêtres et de bons maîtres. Avec ces moyens indispensables, les pères et les enfants se montreront dignes de leurs nobles ancêtres; la religion fleurira parmi eux, les beaux jours de l'Irlande chrétienne

Father J.M. Soulerin
April 6, 1856

164

se lèveront encore sur cette terre adoptive de ses enfants exilés. Rogate ergo Dominum messis ut mittat operarios in messem suam.

J.M. Soulerin

(Published in Les Annales de la Propagation de la Foi, T. XXVIII, pp. 308ff. Lettre de M. l'Abbé Soulerin de la Congrégation de St. Basile, à MM. les Présidents des Conseils centraux de l'oeuvre. Transcribed from a type-written copy furnished by Father Charles Roume, in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

Father Simon Perdue
October 16, 1952

165

St. Basil's Church
The Basilian Fathers
Cor. Bay and St. Joseph Sts.
Toronto 5, Canada

October 6/52

Dear Dan:

My intentions were 100% to write sooner but I decided I would wait till after the wedding and the 100th anniversary and maybe I would have some interesting things to tell, but in my pride, I was struck down. On the Friday night, the night of the beginning of the big doings I developed a severe cold and grippe. I fought it off till Monday and finally on Monday afternoon, the day of banquet etc. here, I was forced to go to the sick room where I am at present. Both knees are swollen and I have to see about it tomorrow. It hasn't been too bad as I have a radio beside me. I was able to follow the World Series, etc.

Well the wedding was fine. Thomson from Amherstburg did the trick. They had a big time at the Park Plaza. I didn't go as I was feeling rotten. Old "Pete" the dad was feeling pretty good here at the College.

The celebration here at the College was great and Hugh Mallon deserves a lot of credit. Everyone was satisfied. Basil (Sullivan) has told you all the news

Father Simon Perdue
October 16, 1952

166

about it. The big drive has started. The offices are in the Infirmary building. Hugh Mallon has been put in charge that is the representative of the College. I can hear the fussing down below me. Tom Vahey and I are the only patients. Tom has blood poisoning in his knee. He will be o.k. in a few days.

Let me see what has happened since you left.

- (1) Club 50 is a thing of the past.
- (2) Everyone misses you especially Allen and Anglin.
- (3) John Kelly had a big time at the reunion.
- (4) Vi McIntyre's mother died.
- (5) Dore has been made charge of Scholastics here at the College — A very happy man. He and I are real pals.
- (6) Tom Lawlor and Shook are doing great so far.
- (7) Everyone singing the praises of the place in Rochester and the work John Murphy is doing. Fr. Haffey flew up from Houston for the occasion.
- (8) Big preparations for the Boys' Town Game in Detroit. Lyons and McCorkell are going together and the General will help Beer on the following Sunday.

Father Simon Perdue
October 16, 1952

167

- (9) They are still talking about what a Horses' Ass Father Athol Murray made at the Banquet. I didn't hear him.

Well Dan, we all mis you and speak of you often. I do hope you like it out there and that you will continue to enjoy good health.

God bless you and say the odd prayer for me.

Yours in Christ,

Si

(Letter written by Father Simon Perdue to Father John "Dan" Corrigan at St. Thomas More College, Saskatoon. Transcribed from the original in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Rev. James Scott
January 30, 1968

168

Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny.
30/1/68

Dear Rev. Fr.

Your letter to hand this morning. According to your letter Rev. Patrick Joseph Ryan was born in Johnstown on the 19th March 1940 <sic>. In the Baptismal Record I find a Pat Ryan who was baptized on the 17th March 1940. He was the son of Kyran Ryan and Mary Laurenson and the sponsors were Daniel Stringer and Eliza Laurenson. These names, Laurenson & Stringer are strange to this locality. I am keeping your letter in the hope of further help.

J. Scott, P.P.

(Letter to Father Robert Scollard from the Very Reverend James Scott, parish priest of Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland. Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Monsignor F.P. Kehoe
January 29, 1968

169

St. Augustine's Church
58 Sydenham Street
Dundas, Ontario.

Jan. 29/68

Dear Father Scollard:

I was happy to hear from you in regard to former priests who were reared in this parish.

Re Father Cherrier. I ahve been unable to find any record of his baptism here nor is there a record in St. Mary's, Hamilton. Probably he was buried in "Priests Plot" in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, as to my knowledge there are only two priests buried in St. Augustine's Cemetery, Dundas.

Re Father Burke: The records here show that his father was Martin Burke and his mother Bridget Burke. No second name is listed for him. We have no history of priests of the parish compiled to date.

I regret that we have not been of assistance to you, but wish you success with your project.

With cordial greetings, I am

Monsignor F.P. Kehoe
January 29, 1968

170

Yours sincerely

F.P. Kehoe.

(Letter to Father Robert Scollard giving information about Basilians who were born in Dundas, Ontario. Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Rev. Cyril J. Carroll
January 30, 1968

171

Church of the Purification, B.V.M.
Lindsay, Ontario.

January 30, 1968.

Rev. Robert J. Scollard, C.S.B.,
200 Russell Hill Road,
Toronto 7, Ontario.

Dear Father Scollard:

In answer to your requests for information, I am forwarding, under separate cover, our Centennial Year Book, where on Page 77, seq., you will find brief biographies of Rev. John Bernard Collins and Rev. Joseph Kennedy. Since the latter was born in Lindsay, it seems practically certain that he attended St. Dominic's school. (See page 46 in Centennial Book).

Fr. Paul Costello was buried in St. Peter's Cemetery, Peterborough. He was appointed by Bishop Denis O'Connor as pastor of Hastings in 1935. I have just phoned the Chancery Office for other information you request, and on receipt of this, I will immediately forward it to you. This information should arrive this week.

It is a long time since I have seen you — at Hastings, etc. I sometimes think we may be distant cousins. My maternal

Rev. Cyril J. Carroll
January 30, 1968

172

grandmother was a Scollard from Ennis-
more. The late Bishop Scollard of North
Bay was a first cousin of my mother.

I am,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. C.J. Carroll.

C/B

(Transcribed from the original, deposited
in the general archives of the Basilian
Fathers, Toronto.)

Rev. Cyril J. Carroll
February 1, 1968

173

Bishop's House
Box 175
Peterborough
Ontario, Canada.

Paul Costello —

Born July 4th 1888, Ennismore, Ontario.
Ordained - Sept. 26th 1915 - St. Basil's
Church, Toronto.

First Assistant to Bishop O'Brien,
Peterborough Cathedral,
July 17, 1919 to July 8th 1926.
Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peter-
borough, July 8th 1926 - Nov.
29th 1935.

Parish Priest of Hastings, Nov. 29th,
1935.

Died, St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough,
January 8th 1942.

Dear Fr. Scollard.

The above was sent by Bishop Webster.
Trust it is the desired information.

Sincerely, C.J. Carroll.

(Transcribed from the original, depos-
ited in the general archives of the
Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Rev. J.L. O'Rourke
January 23, 1968

174

St. Joseph's Church
96 Huron Street
Stratford, Ont.

January 23, 1968.

Rev. Robert J. Scollard, C.S.B.,
200 Russell Hill Road,
Toronto 7, Ontario.

Dear Father Scollard:

I am sorry to inform you that the records of St. Joseph's Parish, Stratford, Ontario, do not go back as far as 1846. Our first records were in 1849. However, on checking over these records, there are three children born Mungovan who may have been brothers and sister of Rev. Michael Joseph Mungovan. The parents names recorded are Thomas Mungovan and Mary Quinlvin. John was born Aug. 19, 1849; Judith, Feb. 2, 1851; and Dennis May 29, 1853.

I hope the above information will be of some help to you.

Yours sincerely,

Rev. J.L. O'Rourke,

(Transcribed from the original, deposited in the gneral archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Monsignor W.S. Morrison
January 23, 1968

175

Holy Angels' Rectory
502 Talbot Street
St. Thomas, Ontario
Jan 23/68

Dear Father Scollard:

Re: Father Reath

In searching the records of Baptisms I cannot find any entry of Vincent Reath in and around 1869. In the history of the Parish written by Monsignor West in 1921 a list of the Priests from Holy Angels' Parish gives the name Rev. Vincent Reath.

Re: Father Flannery:

The information you seek, date of birth, death, cemetery of burial, Father's full name is not found in any records kept here.

Fraternally yours,

W.S. Morrison.

(Transcribed from the original, deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Mrs. E. MacLellan
February 9, 1968

176

St. Andrew's Church
39 Reynolds St. South
Oakville, Ont.

9 February, 1968.

Rev. Robert J. Scollard, C.S.B.
200 Russell Hill Road
Toronto 7, Ontario.

Dear Father:

Father Flaherty has asked me to check our available records for the information you requested regarding the late Father Patrick J. Shaughnessy.

Our earliest entries are from September 15th, 1859, and it would seem that Father Shaughnessy was born a year earlier. Our records show the following children born to Patrick Shaughnessy (no second name) and Ellen O'Boyle:

Peter, born 23rd December, 1861,
baptized 2nd January, 1862.

Joseph and Paul, twins born, baptized
and died 8th March, 1864.

Ellen, born 28th January, 1867, baptized
4th February, died 28 February
same year.

Ann, born 21st October, 1870, baptized
30th October, 1870.

A daughter was married in the parish at
the age of 17 on 25th January, 1870.<sic>

Mrs. E. MacLellan
February 9, 1968

177

The only reference to Father Shaughnessy in these early records is the name "Patrick James Shaughnessy" at the head of a Confirmation list dated May 6th, 1872.

I looked up the record of Father Shaughnessy's death in 1925, according to your letter, and was surprised to see entries in the records in his handwriting and signed by him in 1933. It appears that he died on the 22nd November, 1935, at the age of 77 years, or perhaps in his 77th year.

I am sorry that I cannot find anything more helpful.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. E. MacLellan, Secretary.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Msgr. M. Hamilton
January 31, 1968

178

Nenagh
Co. Tipperary
31.1.68

Dear Father Scollard,

I have received your letter of the 20th inst. re Rev. William Flannery.

Our Baptism Register begins in the middle of 1830 and the record of his baptism is not given. I am getting, however, the names of two brothers and a sister of his and if any of them was younger than he, then I will have the mother's maiden name.

A grand-niece of his has written to a cousin a nun, and we may be able to get more information. I have gleaned some further items. He did not die at Nenagh — but at Borrisokane about ten miles from here, where a married sister of his was living. He is buried in the church of Borrisokane and today I took a note of the inscription on the plaque in the wall of the church near his grave. It reads:

Grant, O Lord, eternal rest to the soul of V. Rev. W. Flannery, D.D. died 21 December 1901. Aged 72.

I got the place of his death from a book "History of the Ely O'Carroll Territory"

Monsignor M. Hamilton
January 31, 1968

179

by Rev. John Gleeson. This territory includes Nenagh and refers to Father Flannery on pages 183 and 201. The author tells that he, Father Flannery, collected money in Canada to pay the expenses of renovation of a local castle and for that reason a banquet was given in his honour. He was also a poet and a musician and one poem of his: "My Coat of Frieze" is quoted in the book.

There is a local tradition that one of the streets of Nenagh was called after him, William Street, and it was certainly in that street that he was born. The house is still there.

Your record states that he served in Ireland in "Toomevaran". There is a parish of Tooevara adjoining Nenagh and I am making inquiries to find if there is any record of him there.

These are all the facts I have at the moment and I thought it better to let you know the results to date. I will write again when I may have further information.

With kind regards,

Yours Sincerely,
M. Hamilton, P.P.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Mrs. E. MacLellan
February 12, 1968

180

St. Andrew's Church
47 Reynolds Street
Oakville, Ont.
12 February, 1968.

Rev. Robert J. Scollard, C.S.B.
200 Russell Hill Road
Toronto 7, Ontario.

Dear Father:-

Further to my letter of the 9th about Father Patrick J. Shaughnessy, I have learned that he lived after his retirement with his sister, Miss Annie Shaughnessy, who never married and who was the last of the family, dying in Oakville in 1960 at the age of 90. A bachelor brother, Peter, was also a member of the household, and died in 1943 at the age of 83.

I hope this is helpful.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. E. MacLellan,
Secretary.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Paul F. Hendershot
October 5, 1963

181

80 Sherrill Street
Geneva, N.Y.
October 5, 1963

Dear Father Collins, C.S.B.

Thank you for your letter of September 11, 1963, informing me of the death of Father John Onorato, C.S.B. I was very sorry to learn of his death, as I heard from him last Christmas time and he said nothing of his illness, so it was very much to my astonishment. But God knows best why Father was called from this world.

As John Onorato and I started school, at St. Francis de Sales, together with a number of other first graders we all became friends very early in life. We were also altar boys together in the Sanctuary at St. Francis de Sales Church for a number of years. At that time I happened to be chosen Master of Ceremonies of the altar boys, although we served a number of Masses together. Then we finally passed from the eighth grade and entered St. Francis de Sales High School — one of the very few Catholic high schools in the Rochester Diocese — in fact the only one outside the city of Rochester. As we had a student body of about 200 or so⁹⁰ boys and a little over 100 girls we, the students, became it seems more friendly than in a larger

Paul F. Hendershot
October 5, 1963

182

school. In Geneva we have two parishes so the graduates from St. Stephen's Grammar School mostly attended St. Francis de Sales High School. Of course we were most desirous of some sort of athletics so we tried to form different kinds of athletic teams. Remember we had but about 90 boys to call upon for these teams. About 30 would show up for the first practice and then drop to about 22 or so. John was one of the so called gang. I recall one football game were to play and I think John and I were to start at end positions. In those days back in the twenties we had to obtain the best transportation we could so he and I rode in a coupe but didn't arrive in time to start in the game -- in fact we arrived in time to see the last quarter. We used to have a number of school parties and of course John was always one of us. Our pastor at that time was Monsignor Joseph Hendricks. He was one of the finest priests I ever knew and he thought the world of John. In fact we three attended a number of baseball games. Father Mason, now Monsignor, was our school Principal, and in my opinion no one was any better. He, Monsignor Mason, I think, is the only living chaplain of World War I in our Rochester Diocese. So, Father Collins, you can see we were all close friends. Now we have class reunions each and every year since our graduation in 1925. I haven't seen Father Onorato

Paul F. Hendershot
October 5, 1963

183

since his duties in the north. But we can recall all the pleasant times of days gone by. I thought you might like to know of some of the foregoing. I know we will miss him greatly, so realize his flock will miss him much more. He was a fine child, fellow classmate and an excellent priest. May God have mercy on his soul.

Enclosed is a Mass card for the happy repose of his soul. If you ever have a bit of time, it would be a real pleasure hearing from you.

Respectfully yours

Paul F. Hendershot.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Cyril J. Keating
February 22, 1968

184

Saint Catherine's Church
1103 Washington Street
Algonac, Michigan 48001
February 22, 1968

Rev. Robert J. Scollard, C.S.B.
200 Russell Hill Rd.
Toronto 7, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Father Scollard:

This is the only information we have in our files regarding Father Gery. Enclosed is a carbon copy of an excerpt from the book — "The Catholic Church in Detroit" — 1951. Also in a letter from the Chancery, dated July 1, 1967, Father J. Swastek, Archivist, said that Father Paré stated in his book The Catholic Church in Detroit 1708-1888 (pages 564-571) it reads as follows:

4. Father Benedict Gery succeeded

Father Kemper as pastor in November, 1895. He built a new church, seating about 250 persons, in 1896. Next year, in 1897, he erected St. Mark Mission in St. Clair Flats with a seating capacity of 150. Early in 1898 he bought three and one half acres of land for \$350.00 from T.H. Baker for the parish cemetery. Father Gery remained pastor for nearly twenty-nine years, until April 27, 1924, when he resigned on account of failing health and advancing

Cyril J. Keating
February 22, 1968

185

years. He was succeeded by Father Walter R. Hardy.

5. After his resignation from the pastorate, Father Gery returned to his native France, where he died March 23, 1935, at the Maison de Santé de Saint Jean de Dieu in Lyon.

Hoping this will be of some help,
I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. C. Keating, Pastor.

Copied from book "The Catholic Church in Detroit" by Goerge Paré. 1951:

Between 1870 and 1888 twenty-nine missions were established. Algonac was one of them.

Algonac as a mission of Marine City is mentioned for the first time in the Catholic Directory of 1873. However, the French inhabitants of the settlement had been regularly visited much earlier by Father Aloysius Lambert, and the deed to the church property executed by Charles Gilbert is dated September 4, 1866. Three years later Father Lambert erected the first church, but no resident pastor was appointed until 1894, when Father Francis Kemper was given the charge. The church burned

Cyril J. Keating
February 22, 1968

186

to the ground on November 30, 1895, and Father Kemper was succeeded by Father Benoit Gery who immediately began the building of the present church. For summer residents of the St. Clair Flats Father Gery erected the chapel in honor of St. Mark, which was dedicated on August 16, 1897.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

Andrew F. Mahoney
February 20, 1968

187

Mount St. Joseph Motherhouse,
1486 Richmond Street,
London, Ontario.
Feb. 20, 1968.

Rev. Robert J. Scollard, C.S.B.,
200 Russell Hill Road,
Toronto 7, Ontario.

Dear Father Scollard:

My delay in answering your request for information re Rev. Robert Francis Forster, C.S.B., is due to the fact that I had to get in touch with the pastor of Simcoe and Miss Frances Smith, his niece, who lives at 452 Grosvenor Street, London. I also got some information from the archives here at Mt. St. Joseph Motherhouse, where Sister Zita's records are on file.

Frances Smith finally sent me a copy of a clipping from the Bay City Times of some years ago before the death of Father Robert Francis Forster. It covers everything you want except the name of the rural school he attended.

Frances mentioned two places which she had heard her mother speak of — Smokey Hollow and Covington. She has an older sister, Clare, married and living in Willowdale, who, she thought, might know more than she did about the rural school

Andrew P. Mahoney
February 20, 1968

188

area. Her name and address — Mrs. G. Campbell, 18 Geraldton Crescent, Wil-
lowdale, Te. 221-4366

I am enclosing the copy of the Bay City Times article herewith. I trust that this will help you to complete your very fine sketch of Father Forster, who was a friend and superior of mine when I was on the staff of Assumption in 1908-10. He preached the sermon at my First Solemn Mass in Dresden, Ontario, on June 7, 1914; Father Dan Forster was my deacon. So you will realize my interest in this biographical sketch.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Andrew P. Mahoney, V.G.

From the archives here I find the names of the parents: John Forster and Rose Anne Harvey.

(Enclosure)

A PATRIARCHAL FAMILY

TWENTY CHILDREN AND NO TWINS

WERE ALL BORN IN NORFOLK

The Bay City Times, of Bay City, Mich. of a recent date has the following reference to an old Norfolk family still remembered by many friends remaining here.

One of Michigan's most remarkable women is Mrs. John Forster, living with her venerable husband on a large well kept farm in Williams Township. She is the mother of twenty children, ten girls and ten boys.

Forty-five years ago <February 5, 1861> she became the bride of John Forster, at a mission church at Port Dover, Ont. Father Wagoner, a travelling missionary, performing the ceremony. The years following were filled with busy days, of joys and sorrows, of hardships and blessings, for in the space of twenty-two years and eight days Mrs. Forster became the mother of twenty children. No twins were numbered among them. All but two of the children are now living, death claiming the first and tenth child when they were but a few months old. All were born in the townships of Woodhouse and Townsend, in Norfolk county, Ontario. The year after the marriage their first daughter came, and the following is a record of births, a year or a trifle over a year apart. A son and then a daughter being born to them in alternate years.

1. Susan, Jan. 1, 1862.
2. George Edward, Jan. 31, 1863.
3. Roseanna, February 5, 1864.
4. Eleanor, August 25, 1865.
5. Daniel, October 17, 1866.
6. Sarah Catherine, Feb. 11, 1868.

7. John Arthur, March 3, 1869.
8. Susan, February 21, 1870.
9. Mathew, February 21, 1871.
10. Mary, May 21, 1872.
11. Robert Francis, April 16, 1873.
12. Charlotte, April 28, 1874.
13. Hugh Henry, March 26, 1875.
14. Mary Jane, May 18, 1876.
15. Dorothy Winnifred, Nov. 30, 1877.
16. Patrick William, Jan. 8, 1879.
17. James Theodore, Jan. 14, 1880.
18. Anna Florence, March 7, 1881.
19. Joseph Albert, October 13, 1882.
20. Michael Francis, Feb. 13, 1884.

It is a treat to sit down beside this mother and hear her tell incidents and reminiscences of her life. How in the early days of her marriage, cloth was not to be had in plentiful quantities for a small price, as it is in these days, so many a day had to be spent at the spinning wheel, and weaving cloth with which to make clothing for her children. Stockings also had to be knitted for the whole family, and far into the night her busy patient hands would work willingly and courageously for the little flock sleeping peacefully in their beds. The bread-making was a huge daily task. Discouragement came to the mother and father but they never would sit with idle hands and let it master them, but fought bravely on until today, they count their children, one by one, without a black sheep among them. Of their children, they gave four

to the Church, one daughter, Eleanor, being a Sister Forster, in the Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ont., and another daughter, Catherine, is Sister Zita, at St. Joseph's Convent, London, Ont. A son, Daniel, is parish priest at Mt. Carmel, another son, Robert Francis, is Superior of the Basilian Order, in Waco, Texas.

For many years the Forster family have lived in Williams township. The father and mother can sit comfortably at home, and to the north, south, east and west look out upon broad acres and comfortable homes where their sons live and till the soil near the abiding place of their sturdy mother and father.

During the winter months many a happy evening is spent at home, for a family orchestra furnished music, while song and story while away the long hours. The Forster home is noted all around the country side for its hospitality. Death has not visited the great family circle in many years. The little mother tells of her children leaving home, one by one, and the voice of the mother trembles as she tells you, "Last year my oldest boy was married and my youngest boy, the twentieth child, was a groomsman at his marriage. Father Daniel was present at the nuptials. At the ceremony for daughter Anna, her brother, Father Francis of Texas, performed the marriage and sang

Andrew P. Mahoney
February 20, 1968

192

the nuptial Mass. And so the long, long story goes.

"What gave you courage in your trying years?" was asked.

"Faith and trust in God, to cherish and protect the children He sent to bless our lives, and He has rewarded us, for not one of our little ones ever disgraced us, but all are a comfort and a blessing in these last days of earth."

Four children are still under the homestead roof, where peace and good will reign supreme.

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

(The Forsters are of Norman extraction)

John Forster, son of George Ed. Forster and Eleanor Barnes, born May 9, 1833, at Biteabout Farm, near Lowick, Northumberland, England. Died March 5, 1920, at North Williams, Michigan, near Auburn. (All were buried in Midland, Michigan) Married, February 5, 1861, to Roseanna Harvey, born near Scarborough, died June 5, 1908.

Children of John Forster and Roseanna Harvey:

1. Susan, born January 1, 1862, died January 4, 1862.
2. George Ed., born December 31, 1862, died February 5, 1941. Married in 1904, Margaret Pashack, born March 10, 1881, died June 19, 1966. Their children were:
Eleanor, Born April 26, 1905; Gladys, born May 21, 1908; Marguerite, born February 5, 1910; Ivaleen, born July 31, 1912; Winifred, born September 1, 1916; Georgene, born August 2, 1924.

3. Roseanna, born February 5, 1864; died October 13, 1924. Married Martin Smith of Simcoe, Ontario, on October 26, 1886. He died on June 4, 1942. Their children were: Joseph Edward, born August 25, 1887; John Hubert, born July 20, 1889, died September 13, 1967, married in August 1916 Mary Mitchell who died November 11, 1918, one daughter -- Agnes -- married Frank Holmes of Willowdale; Mary Eleanor, born August 20, 1893, died June 28, 1937; Claire A., born August 17, 1895, married on December 27, 1943, to C. Gerald Campbell who has two sons -- Gerald Jos. a famous photographer and Robert Douglas manager of production for Nordene Stationers; Frances M.Z., born May 8, 1902, in London, baptized by Rev. Frank Forster, named after him. All the other Smith children were born in Simcoe, Ontario.
4. Eleanor, born August 25, 1865, died May 5, 1938. Entered Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ontario. Bishop Fallon sent all nuns elsewhere about 1911. She was sent to their convent in Point Grey, B.C., where she died and is buried.

5. Daniel, born October 17, 1866, died October 27, 1943. Ordained December 23, 1893. Buried in Mt. Carmel, Ontario, where he was pastor for years.
6. Sarah, born February 11, 1868; died November 23, 1941. Entered St. Joseph's Convent, London, December 8, 1886. Given name Sister Zita she kept her golden jubilee in 1936. Taught school in London, St. Thomas, Goderich, Seaforth, etc. Was Mother of Novices for years, later was Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital for two terms.
7. John Arthur, born March 3, 1869; died August 24, 1941. Married Elizabeth Lafontaine. One son, John.
8. Susan, born February 21, 1870; died February 3, 1909. Kept house for Father Trayher in Simcoe, then in London and at his death continued on with Rev. P.J. McKeon until her death.
9. Matthew, born February 21, 1871; died 195-. Lived in British Columbia and is buried there. Visited Sister Forster there.
10. Mary, born May 12, 1872; died August 1872.

11. Robert Francis, born May 16, 1873; died November 11, 1929. Ordained in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, June 30, 1901. There was always a "Robert" in the Forster names.
12. Charlotte, born April 28, 1874; died April 25, 1948. Married John Doyle of Mt. Carmel. Two children; Frank who died in 1940, and whose wife, Lorraine, still lives in Bay City; and Antoinette, a teacher who died in -
13. Hugh Henry, born March 25, 1875; died in 1929. Married Virginia Delude. Children: Irene (Mrs. Og. Kiley); Blacne (Mrs. Holt Albright); May (Mrs. Dr. Jas. Freel of 2113 McKinley Ave., E. Bay City. Mrs. Freele has two sons - one is a pathologist at Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., other a gynecologist and obstetrician at St. Luke in Chicago); Ernest who lives in Detroit.

14. Mary Janes born May 18, 1876; died August 29, 1944. Married Maurice Sullivan. Children: Patrick, born September 1905 and who lives at 1115 S. Catherine St. W. Bay City, Michigan; Dorothy, born December 1908 (Mrs. Jim Purtell of Pinconning, Michigan); Daniel, born April 1911, and lives at 1201 Cambridge Avenue, Midland, Michigan; Gerrard, born in 1916 who lives at 1506 Elizabeth Street, E. Bay City, Michigan 48706.
15. Dorothy Winnifred, born November 30, 1877; died May 16, 1930.
16. Patrick Wm., born January 18, 1879; died March 18, 1948. He was a cripple for years with arthritis, a family disease.
17. James Theodore (Ted), born January 16, 1880; died June 6, 1918.
18. Anna Florence, born March 7, 1881; died -November 24/62 Married Denis Maxwell. Children: Regine (Mrs. Harold Doerr lives

14. Mary Janes, born May 18, 1876; died August 29, 1944. Married Maurice Sullivan. Children: Patrick, born September 1905 and who lives at 1115 S. Catherine St. W. Bay City, Michigan; Dorothy, born December 1908 (Mrs. Jim Purtell of Pinconning, Michigan); Daniel, born April 1911, and lives at 1201 Cambridge Avenue, Midland, Michigan; Gerrard, born in 1916 who lives at 1506 Elizabeth Street, E. Bay City, Michigan 48706.
15. Dorothy Winnifred, born November 30, 1877; died May 16, 1930.
16. Patrick Wm., born January 18, 1879; died March 18, 1948. He was a cripple for years with arthritis, a family disease.
17. James Theodore (Ted), born January 16, 1880; died June 6, 1918.
18. Anna Florence, born March 7, 1881; died -November 24/62. Married Denis Maxwell. Children: Regine (Mrs. Harold Doerr lives

at 707 Litchfield Avee.
W. Bay City, Michigan);
Ambrose, born May 27,
1905, died -
Zita (Mrs. Walter Ritten-
burg of 108 Oak Street,
E. Bay City).

19. Joseph Albert, born October 13,
1882; died December
7, 1907. Very bril-
liant.
20. Michael, born February 13, 1884;
died in 1919. Married
Alberta Plant. Their child-
ren: Lorraine who was killed
in a car accident on July
4, 1930; and Francis, called
after Father Frank, who
lives on a farm near Auburn,
Michigan.

(Transcribed from an abridged copy of
the family tree given to Father Robert
Scollard by Mrs. Gerald Campbell (daugh-
ter of Roseanna Forster) and deposited
in the general archives of the Basilian
Fathers, Toronto.)

Mrs. Lillian Lucas
February 29, 1968

199

455 Gilmour Street
Peterborough, ontario
February 29, 1968

Dear Father Scollard:-

I received your letter of February 27th.
I hope I can be of some help with
Father Simon's early life.

In low school he attended number 6
Emily (Downeyville parish). He wrote
entrance to high school at Omemee,
June 1907.

He attended high school at Ennismore
(Peterboro County) and received his
Normal Entrance Certificate June 1912.

He took Physical Training Instructions
at Orillia from October 13th, 1912, to
November 12, 1912. He received O.C.E.
in Toronto.

He taught in Douro School No. 8 for two
years and Douro S.S. No. 9 for two years.
He taught at Springhill near Amherstburg
and he spent one year at the University
of Ottawa.

Simon A. Perdue was the youngest of a
family of nine, four boys and five girls.
They are all dead now but myself. My
two older sisters died this summer,
that's why I'm so vague in my reply. I

Mrs. Lillian Lucas
February 29, 1968

200

was married in 1916 and didn't live close enough to know what was happening. I miss Father Simon so much. He was so good to come to visit with us, My sisters died this summer, Kate July 11th and Mrs. Twomey September 8th. I'm the only one of the family left.

We would like to have a visit from you some time you're in Peterboro. I remember chatting with you when Father was dead and I think you were with him one time when we lived at Hopkins Ave.

Please remember us in your prayers.

Lillie Lucas

(Transcribed from the original deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)

